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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DEACON & PETERSON, Publishers, No. 319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

After the battle, yet do not weep—

The day has not been lost yet—

Although that fearful field is red

With precious blood as'er was shed

For any nation's honor—no,

This is no time for tears or woe,

Or counting what it cost us.

After the battle, yet do not weep—

Ev'n had we been defeated—

For thousands ready stand to fill

The place of those who cold and still

Sleep on the field. Far rather be,

"For Union and for Liberty!"

Our battle-cries repeated.

You cannot shout, with hearts that bleed

For those beyond the river?

Your homes are desolate? Ah, yes—

Life seems to lack all happiness,

And your whole being yearns and cries

For some one pair of smiling eyes

That now are closed forever.

Your hearts are bleeding, do you say?

Thank God that you can say it!

Thank Him that He has given you

Some one beloved who, brave and true,

Could give his all up willingly,

Who for his country's cause could die,

But never could betray it.

And you, whose dear ones still are left,

Thank God that He has given

Those precious lives to you again—

Thank Him those noble hearts remain

To strike for Freedom and the Right—

To swell the ranks of those who fight

For all on this side Heaven.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNING," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIR," "A LIFE'S SECRET," ETC.

(Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.)

CHAPTER VII.

LADY VERNER.

The former chapters may be looked upon somewhat in the light of an introduction to what is to follow. It was necessary to relate the events recorded in them, but we must take a leap of not far short of two years from the date of their occurrence.

John Maseingbird and his attendant, Luke Roy, had arrived safely at Melbourne in due course. Luke had written home one letter to his mother, and there his correspondence ended; but John Maseingbird wrote frequently, both to Mrs. Verner and to his brother Frederick. John, according to his own account, appeared to be getting on all one way; the money he took out had served him well; he had made good use of it, and was accumulating a fortune rapidly. Such was his statement; but whether implicit reliance might be

placed upon it was a question. Gay John was apt to deceive himself; was given to look on the bright side, and imbue things with a tinge of *coulour de rose*; when, for less sanguine eyes, the tinge would have shone out decidedly yellow. His last account told of a "glorious nugget" he had picked up at the diggings. "Almost as big as his head," a "fortune in itself," ran some of the phrases in his letters; and his intention was to go down himself to Melbourne and "realize the thousands" for it. His letter to Frederick was especially full of this; and he strongly recommended his brother to go out and pick up nuggets on his own score. Frederick Maseingbird appeared very much inclined to take the hint.

"Were I only sure it was all gospel, I'd go to-morrow," observed Frederick Maseingbird to Lionel Verner, one day that the discussion of the contents of John's letter had been renewed, a month or two subsequent to its arrival. "A year's luck, such as this, and a man might come home a millionaire. I wish I knew whether to put entire faith in it."

"Why should John deceive you?" asked Lionel.

"He'd not deceive me wilfully. He has no cause to deceive me. The question is, is he deceived himself? Remember what grand schemes he would now and then become wild upon here, saying and thinking he had found the philosopher's stone. And how would they turn out? This may be one of the same calibre. I wonder we did not hear again by the last month's mail."

"There's a mall due now."

"I know there is," said Frederick. "Should it bring news to confirm this, I shall go out to him."

"The worst is, those diggings appear to be all a lottery," remarked Lionel. "Where one gets his pockets lined, another starves; nay, ten-to-one, more, for all we know, starve for the one lucky one. I should not myself feel inclined to risk the journey to them."

"Fou! It's not likely you would," was the reply of Frederick Maseingbird. "Every-body was not born heir to Verner's Pride."

Lionel laughed pleasantly. They were pacing the terrace in the sunshine of a winter's afternoon: a crisp, cold, bright day in January. At that moment Tynn came out of the house and approached them.

"My master is up, sir, now, and would like the paper read to him," said he, addressing Frederick Maseingbird.

"Oh, bother, I can't stop now," broke from that gentleman, involuntarily. "Tynn, you need not say that you found me here. I have an appointment, and I must hasten to keep it."

Lionel Verner looked at his watch.

"I can spare half an hour," he observed to himself; and he proceeded to Mr. Verner's room.

The old study that you have seen before. And there sat Mr. Verner in the same arm-chair, cushioned and padded more than it had used to be. What a change there was in him! Shrunken, wasted, drawn: surely there would be no place very long in this world for Mr. Verner.

He was leaning forward in his chair, his back bowed, his hands resting on his stick, which was stretched out before him. He lifted his head when Lionel entered, and an expression, partly of displeasure, partly of pain, passed over his countenance.

"Where's Frederick?" he sharply asked.

"Frederick has an appointment out, sir. I will read to you."

"I thought you were going down to your mother's," rejoined Mr. Verner, his accent not softening in the least.

"I need not go for this half hour yet," replied Lionel, taking up the "Times," which lay on a table near Mr. Verner. "Have you looked at the headings of the news, sir, or shall I go over them for you, and then you can tell me what you wish read?"

"I don't want anything read by you," said Mr. Verner. "Put the paper down."

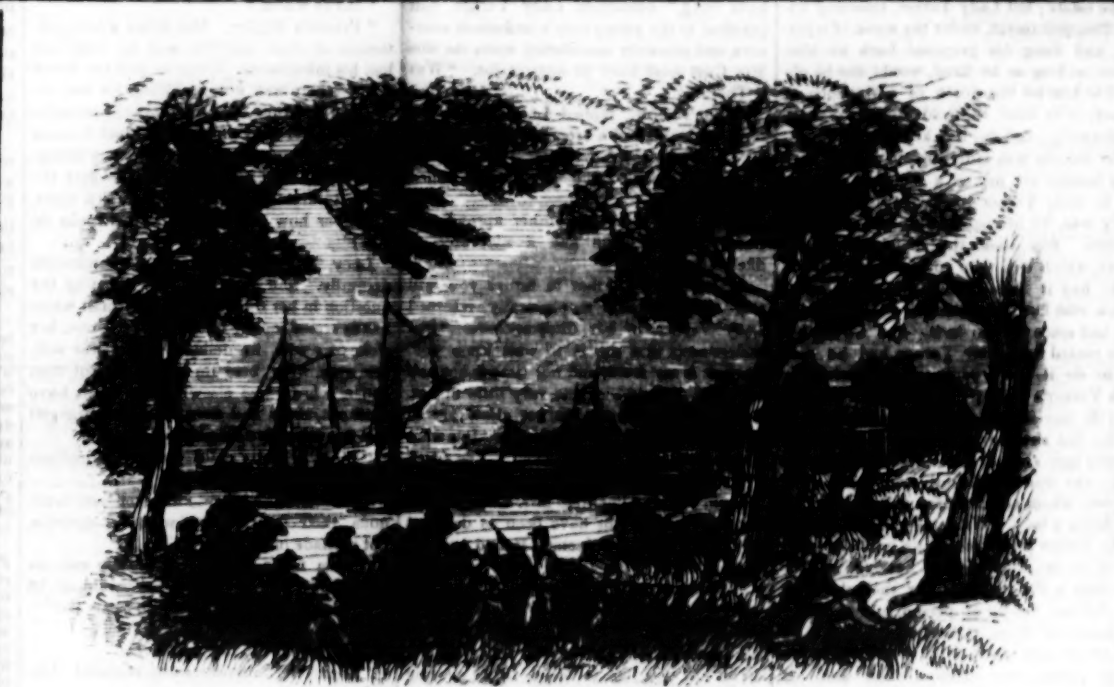
Lionel did not immediately obey. A shade of mortification had crossed his face.

"Do you hear me, Lionel? Put the paper down. You know how it fidgets me to hear those papers ruffled, when I am not in a mood for reading."

Lionel rose, and stood before Mr. Verner. "Uncle, I wish you would let me do something for you. Better send me out of the house altogether, than treat me with this estrangement. Will it be of any use my asking you, for the hundredth time, what I did to displease you?"

"I tell you I don't want the paper read," said Mr. Verner. "And if you'd leave me alone I should be glad. Perhaps I shall get a wink of sleep. All night, all night, and my eyes were never closed! It's time I was gone."

The concluding sentences were spoken as in soliloquy; not to Lionel. Lionel, who knew his uncle's every mood, quitted the room. As he closed the door, a heavy groan, born of displeasure mingled with pain, like the greeting look had been, was sent after him by Mr. Verner. Very emphatically did



AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR IN GEORGIA.

The above, engraved expressly for *THE POST* from a sketch in "Frank Leslie," represents the U. S. gunboat *Unios*, covering the operations of a party of National soldiers, while removing a rebel saw mill on the St. Mary's river, Georgia.

it express his state of feeling with regard to Lionel; and Lionel felt it keenly.

Lionel Verner had remained in Paris six months, when summoned thither by the accident to his brother. The accident need not have detained him half that period of time; but the seductions of the gay French capital had charms for Lionel. From the very hour that he set foot in Verner's Pride on his return, he found that Mr. Verner's behaviour had altered to him. He showed bitter, angry estrangement, and Lionel could only conceive one cause for it—his long sojourn abroad.

Fifteen or sixteen months had now elapsed since his return, and the estrangement had not lessened. In vain Lionel sought an explanation. Mr. Verner would not enter upon it. In fact, so far as direct words went, Mr. Verner had never expressed much of his displeasure: he left it to his manner. That said enough. He had never dropped the slightest allusion to its cause. When Lionel asked an explanation, he neither accorded nor denied it, but would put him off evasively; as he might have put off a child who asked a troublesome question: like you have now seen him do once again.

After the rebuff, Lionel was crossing the hall, when he suddenly halted, as if a thought struck him, and he turned back to the study. If ever a man's attitude bespoke utter grief and prostration, Mr. Verner's did, as Lionel opened the door. His head and hands had fallen, and his stick had dropped upon the carpet. He started out of his reverie at the appearance of Lionel, and made an effort to recover his stick. Lionel hastened to pick it up for him.

"I have been thinking, sir, that it might be well for Decima to go in the carriage to the station, to receive Miss Tempest. Shall I order it?"

"Order anything you like; order all Verner's Pride—what does it matter? Better for some of us, perhaps, that it had never existed."

Hastily, abruptly, carelessly was the answer given: there was no mistaking that Mr. Verner was nearly beside himself with mental pain.

Lionel went round to the stables to give the order he had suggested. One great feature in the character of Lionel Verner was, his complete absence of assumption. Courtously refused in mind and feelings, he could not have presumed: others, in his position, might have deemed they were but exercising a right. Though the presumptive heir to Verner's Pride, living in it, brought up as such, he would not, you see, even send out his master's unused carriage without that master's sanction. In little things as in great, Lionel Verner could be a thorough gentleman: to be others else he must have changed his nature.

"Wigham, will you take the close carriage to Deerham Court. It is wanted for Miss Verner."

"Very well, sir." But Wigham—who had been coachman in the family nearly as many years as Lionel had been in the world—wondered much for all his prompt reply. He scarcely ever remembered a Verner's Pride carriage to have been ordered for Miss Verner.

Lionel passed into the high road from Verner's Pride, and, turning to the left, commenced his walk to Deerham. There were no road-side houses for a little way, but they soon began, by ones, by twos, and at last they

grew into a consecutive street. These houses were mostly very poor; small shops, beer houses, laborers' cottages; but a turning to the right in the midst of the village led to a part where the houses were of a superior character, several gentlemen living there. It was a new road, called Belvedere Road; the first house in it being inhabited by Dr. West.

Lionel cast a glance across at that house as he passed down the long street. At least, as much as he could see of it, looking obliquely. His glance was not rewarded. Very frequently pretty Sibylla would be at the windows, or her vain sister Annily. Though, if vanity is to be brought in, I don't know where it would be found in an equal degree, as it was in Sibylla West. The windows appeared to be untenant; and Lionel with-drew his eyes and passed straightly on his way. On his left hand was situated the shop of Mrs. Duff; its prints, its silk neckerchiefs, and its ribbons, displayed in three parts of its bow-window. The fourth part was devoted to more ignominious articles, huddled indiscriminately into a corner. Children's Dutch dolls and black lead; penny tale-books and square pint packets of cocoa; bottles of ink and India rubber balls; side combs and papers of stationery; scented soap and Circassian cream (home made); tape, needles, pins, starch, bandoline, lavender-water, baking powder, iron skewers; and a host of other articles too numerous to notice. Nothing came amiss to Mrs. Duff; she patronized everything she thought she could turn a penny by.

"Your servant, sir," said she, dropping a curtsey as Lionel came up; for Mrs. Duff was standing at the door.

He merely nodded to her, and went on. Whether it was the sight of the woman or of some lavender prints hanging in her window, certain it was, that the image of poor Rachel Frost came vividly into the mind of Lionel. Nothing had been heard, nothing found, to clear up the mystery of that past night.

At the extremity of the village, lying a little back from it, was a moderate-sized, red brick house, standing in the midst of farms, and called Deerham Court. It had once been an extensive farm; but the present tenant, Lionel's mother, rented the house only, very little of the land. The land was let to a neighboring farmer. Nearly a mile beyond—you could see its towers and its chimneys from this—rose the stately old mansion, called Deerham Hall. Deerham Hall, Deerham Court, and a great deal of the land and property on that side of the village, belonged to Sir Rufus Hantley, a proud, unscrupulous man. He lived at the Hall; and his only son, between whom and himself it was conjectured there existed some estrangement, had purchased into an Indian regiment, where he was now serving.

Lionel Verner passed the village, branched off to the right, and entered the great iron gates which enclosed the court yard of Deerham Court. A very unpretending entrance admitted him into a spacious hall, the hall being the largest and best part of the house. Those great iron gates and the hall would have done honor to a large mansion; and they gave an appearance of pretension to Deerham Court which it did not deserve.

Lionel opened a door on the left and entered a small ante-room. This led him into the only really good room that the house contained. It was elegantly furnished and

fitted up, and its two large windows looked towards the open country, and to Deerham Hall. Seated by the fire, in a rich violet dress, a costly white lace cap shading her delicate face, that must once have been so beautiful—indeed, that was beautiful still—was a lady of middle age. Her seat was low; one of those chairs that we are pleased to call, commonly and irreverently, a prie-dieu. Its back was carved in arabesque foliage, and its stuffing was of rich, violet velvet. On a small, inlaid table, whose carvings were as beautiful, and its top inlaid with mosaic-work, lay a dainty handkerchief of lace, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a book turned with its face downwards, all close at the lady's elbow. She was sitting in idleness just then; she always did sit in idleness; her face bent on the fire, her small hands, cased in white gloves, lying motionless on her lap—ay, a beautiful face once, though it had grown habitually pensive, and discontented now. She turned her head when the door opened, and a flush of bloom rose to her cheeks when she saw Lionel.

He went up and kissed her. He loved her much. She loved him, too, better than she loved anything in life; and she drew a chair close to her, and he sat down, bending towards her. There was not much likeness between them, the mother and the son; both were very good looking, but not alike.

"You see, mother mine, I am not late, as you prophesied I should be," said he, with one of his sweetest smiles.

"You would have been, Lionel, but for my reminding you not. I'm sure I wish—I wish she was not coming! She must remember the old days in India, and will contrast the difference."

"She will scarcely remember India, when you were there. She is only a child yet, is she?"

"You know nothing about it, Lionel," was the querulous answer. "Whether she remembers or not, will she expect to see me in such a house, such a position as this. It is at these seasons, when people are coming here, who know what I have been and ought to be, that I feel all the humiliation of my poverty. Lucy Tempest is nineteen."

Lionel Verner knew that it was of no use to argue with his mother, when she began upon that most unsatisfactory topic, her position; which included what she called her "poverty," and her "wrongs." Though, in truth, not a day passed but she broke out upon it.

"Lionel," she suddenly said.

He had been glancing over the pages of the book—a new work on India. He laid it down as he had found it, and turned to her.

"What shall you allow me, when you come into Verner's Pride?"

"Whatever you shall wish, mother. You shall name the sum, not I. And if you name too modest a one," he added, laughing, "I shall double it. But Verner's Pride must be your home then, as well as mine."

"N ver!" was the emphatic answer.—"What! to be turned out of it again by the advent of a young wife? No, never, Lionel."

Lionel laughed, constrainedly this time.

"I may not be bringing home a young wife for this many and many a year to come."

"If you never brought one, I would not make my home at Verner's Pride," she resumed, in the same impulsive voice. "Live in the house by favor, that ought to have been mine by right? You would not be my

true son, to ask me, Lionel. Catherine, is that you?" she called out, as the movements of some one were heard in the ante-room.

A woman servant put in her head.

"My lady?"

"Tell Miss Verner that Mr. Lionel is here."

"Miss Verner knows it, my lady," was the woman's reply. "She bade me ask you, sir, addressing Lionel, 'If you'd please to step out to her.'"

"Is she getting ready, Catherine?" asked Lady Verner.

"I think not, my lady."

"Go to her, Lionel, and ask her if she knows the time. A pretty thing if you arrive at the station after the train is in!"

Lionel quitted the room. Outside in the hall stood Catherine, waiting for him.

"Miss Verner has met with a little accident and hurt her foot, sir," she whispered. "She can't walk."

"Not walk?" exclaimed Lionel. "Where is she?"

"She is in the store-room, sir, where it happened."

Lionel went to the store-room, a small boarded room at the back of the hall. A young lady sat there; a very pretty white foot in a wash-hand basin of warm water, and a shoe and stocking lying near, as if hastily thrown off.

"Why, Decima! what is this?"

She lifted her face. A face whose features were of the highest order of beauty, regular as if chiselled from marble, and little less colorless. But for the large, earnest, dark-blue eyes, so full of expression, it might have been accused of coldness. In sleep, or in perfect repose, when the eyelids were bent, it looked strangely cold and pure. Her dark hair was braided; and she wore a dress something the same in color as Lady Verner's.

"Lionel, what shall I do? And to-day of all days! I shall be obliged to tell mamma: I cannot walk a step."

"What is the injury? How did you do it?"

"I got on a chair. I was looking for some old Indian ornaments that I know are in that high cupboard, wishing to put them in Miss Tempest's room, and somehow the chair tilted with me, and I fell upon my foot. It is only a sprain; but I can't walk."

"How do you know it is only a sprain, Decima? I shall send West to you."

"Thank you all the same, Lionel, but if you please I don't like Doctor West well enough to have him," was Miss Verner's answer. "See! I don't think I can walk."

She took her foot out of the basin, and attempted to try. But for Lionel, she would have fallen; and her naturally pale face became paler from the pain.

"And you say you will not have Dr. West?" he cried, gently putting her into the chair again. "I must allow me to judge for you, Decima."

"Then, Lionel, I'll have Jan—if I must have any one. I have more faith in him," she added, lifting her large blue eyes, "than in Dr. West."

"Let it be Jan, then, Decima. Send one of the servants for him at once. What is to be done about Miss Tempest?"

"You must go alone. Unless you can persuade mamma to let Lionel, you will tell mamma about this. She must be told."

As Lionel crossed the hall on his return, the door was being opened: the Verner's Pride carriage had just driven up. Lady Verner had seen it from the window of the ante-room, and her eyes spoke her displeasure.

"Lionel, what brings that here?"

"I told them to bring it for Decima. I thought you would prefer that Miss Tempest should be met with that, than with a hired one."

"Miss Tempest will know soon enough that I am too poor to keep a carriage," said Lady Verner. "Decima may use it if she pleases. I would not."

"My dear mother, Decima will not be able to use it. She cannot go to the station. She has hurt her foot."

"How did she do that?"

"She was on a chair in the store-room, looking in the cupboard. She—"

"Of course! that's just like Decima!" crossly responded Lady Verner. "She is at something or other everlastingly: doing half the work of a servant about the house."

Lionel made no reply. He knew that, but for Decima, the house would be less comfortable, than it was, for Lady Verner: and that, what Decima did, she did in love.

"Will you go to the station?" he inquired.

"If in this cold wind! How can you ask me, Lionel? I should get my face chapped irretrievably. If Decima cannot go, you must go alone."

"But how shall I know Miss Tempest?"

"You must find her out," said Lady Verner. "Her mother was as tall as a giantess; perhaps she is the same. Is Decima much hurt?"

"She thinks it is only a sprain. We have sent for Jan."

"For Jan! Much good he will do!" returned Lady Verner, in so contemptuous a tone as to prove she had no very exalted opinion of Mr. Jan's abilities. Lionel went out to the carriage, and stepped in. The footman did not shut the door. "And Miss Verner, sir?" "Miss Verner is accompanying. The railway station. Tell Wigham to drive fast or I shall be late."

"My lady wouldn't let Miss Decima come out in it," thought Wigham to himself, as he drove on.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUCY TEMPEST.

The words of my lady, "as tall as a giant," unconsciously influenced the imagination of Lionel Verner. The train was steaming into the station at one end, as his carriage stopped at the other. Lionel leaped from it, and mixed amidst the bustle of the platform. Not very much bustle either. And it would have been less, but that Deerham Station was the nearest approach, as yet, by rail to Harburg, a town of some note about four miles distant. Not a single tall lady got out of the train. Not a lady at all, that Lionel could see. There were two fat women, tearing about after their luggage, both habited in men's drab great coats, or what looked like them; and there was one very young lady, who stood back in apparent perplexity, gazing at the scene of confusion around her.

"She cannot be Miss Tempest," deliberated Lionel. "If she is, my mother must have mistaken her age: she looks but a child. No harm in asking her, at any rate."

He went up to the young lady. A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous. Those eyes were wandering to all parts of the platform, some anxiety in their expression.

Lionel raised his hat. "I beg your pardon. Have I the honor of addressing Miss Tempest?" "Oh, yes, that is my name," she answered, looking up at him, the peach bloom deepening to a glow of satisfaction, and the soft eyes lighting with a glad smile. "Have you come to meet me?"

"I have. I come from my mother, Lady Verner."

"I am so glad," she rejoined, with a frank sincerity of manner perfectly refreshing in these modern days of artificial young ladydom. "I was beginning to think nobody had come—and then what could I have done?"

"My sister would have come with me to receive you, but for an accident which occurred to her just before it was time to start. Have you any luggage?"

"There's the great box I brought from India, and a hair-trunk, and my school box. It is all in the van."

"Allow me to take you out of this crowd, and it shall be seen to," said Lionel, bending to offer his arm.

She took it, and turned with him. But stopped ere more than a step or two had been taken.

"We are going wrong. The luggage is up that way."

"I am taking you to the carriage. The luggage will be all right."

He was placing her in it when she suddenly drew back, and surveyed it.

"What a pretty carriage!" she exclaimed. Many said the same of the Verner's carriage. The color of the panels was of that rich shade of blue called ultra-marine, with white linings and hammer cloth, while a good deal of silver shone on the harness of the horses. The servants' livery was white and silver, their small-clothes blue.

Lionel handed her in. "Have we far to go?" she asked. "Not five minutes' drive."

He closed the door, gave the footman directions about the luggage, took his own seat by the coachman, and the carriage started. Lady Verner came to the door of the court to receive Miss Tempest.

In the old Indian days of Lady Verner, she and Sir Lionel had been close and intimate friends of Colonel and Mrs. Tempest. Subsequently Mrs. Tempest had died, and their only daughter had been sent to a clergyman's family in England for her education—a very superior place where six pupils only were taken. But she was of age to leave it now, and Colonel Tempest, who contemplated soon being home, had craved of Lady Verner to receive her in the interim.

"Lionel," said his mother to him, "you must stop here for the rest of the day, and help to entertain her."

"Why, what can I do towards it?" responded Lionel.

"You can do something. You can talk. They have got Decima into her room, and I must be up and down with her. I don't like leaving Lucy alone the first day she is in the house—she will take a prejudice against it. One blessed thing, she seems quite simple, not exacting."

"Anything but exacting, I should say," replied Lionel. "I will stay for an hour or two, if you like, mother, but I must be home to dinner."

Lady Verner need not have troubled herself about "entertaining" Lucy Tempest. She was accustomed to entertain herself; and as to any ceremony or homage being paid to her, she would not have understood it, and might have felt embarrassed. She had not been used to anything of the sort. Could Lady Verner have seen her then, at the very moment she was talking to Lionel, her fears might have been relieved. Lucy Tempest had found her way to Decima's room, and had taken up her position in a very undignified fashion at that young lady's feet, her soft, candid brown eyes fixed upwards on Decima's face, and her tongue busy with its recollections of India. After some time spent in this manner, she was scared away by the entrance of a gentleman whom Decima called "Jan." Upon which she proceeded to the chamber she had been shown

to as here, to dress, a process which did not appear to be very elaborate by the time it took, and then she went down-stairs to find Lady Verner.

Lady Verner had not quitted Lionel. She had been grumbling and complaining all that time; it was half the pastime of Lady Verner's life to grumble in the ears of Lionel and Decima. Bitterly mortified had Lady Verner been when she found, upon her arrival from India, that Stephen Verner, her late husband's younger brother, had succeeded to Verner's Pride, to the exclusion of herself and of Lionel; and bitterly mortified she remained. Whether it had been by some strange oversight on the part of old Mr. Verner, or whether it had been intentional, no provision whatever had been left by him to Lady Verner and to her children. Stephen Verner would have remedied this. On the arrival of Lady Verner, he had proposed to pay over to her yearly a certain sum out of the estate; but Lady Verner, smarting under disappointment, under the sense of injustice, had flung his proposal back to him. Never, so long as he lived, would she be obliged to him for the worth of a stipend in money, or in kind, she told Stephen Verner passionately; and she had kept her word.

Her income was sadly limited; it was very little besides her pay as a colonel's widow; and to Lady Verner it seemed less than it really was, for her habits were somewhat expensive. She took this house, Deerham Court, which was then to be let without the land; had it embellished inside and outside with cost her more than she could afford—and had since resided in it. She would not have rented under Mr. Verner had he paid her to do it. She declined all intercourse with Verner's Pride; had never put her foot over its threshold: Decima went once in a while, but she, never. If she and Stephen Verner met abroad, she was coldly civil to him; she was indifferently haughty to Mrs. Verner, whom she despised in her heart for not being a lady. With all her deficiencies, Lady Verner was essentially a gentleman: not to be one, amounted in her eyes to little less than a sin. No wonder that she, with her delicate beauty of person, her quiet refinements of dress, shrank within herself as she swept past Mrs. Verner, with her great person, her crimson face, and her flaunting colors! No wonder that Lady Verner, smarting under her wrongs, passed half her time in giving utterance to them; or, that her smooth face was acquiring premature wrinkles of discontent. Lionel had a somewhat difficult course to steer, between Verner's Pride and Deerham Court, so as to keep friends with both.

Lucy Tempest appeared at the door. She stood there hesitating, after the manner of a timid school-girl. They turned round and saw her.

"If you please, may I come in?"

Lady Verner could have sighed over the deficiency of "style," or confidence—which ever you may like to term it. Lionel laughed as he crossed the room to throw the door wider by way of welcome.

She wore a light, shot pink dress of peculiar material, a sort of cashmere, very fine and soft. Looking at it one way it was pink; the other, mauve: the general shade of it was beautiful. Lady Verner could have sighed again; if the wearer was deficient in style, certainly the dress was. A low body and short sleeves, perfectly simple, a narrow bit of white lace alone edging them: nothing on her neck, nothing on her arms, no gloves. A child of seven might have been so dressed. Lady Verner looked at her, her brow knit, and various thoughts running through her brain: she began to fear that Miss Tempest would require so much training as to give her trouble.

Lucy saw the look, and deemed that her attire was wrong. "Ought I to have put on my best things—my new silk?" she asked.

"My new silk! My best things! Lady Verner was almost at a loss for an answer. "You have not an extensive wardrobe, possibly, my dear?"

"Not very," replied Lucy. "This was my best dress, until I had my new silk. Mrs. Cust told me to put this one on for dinner to-day, and she said if Lady—if you and Miss Verner dressed very much, I could change it for the silk to-morrow. It is a beautiful dress," Lucy added, looking ingeniously at Lady Verner, "a pearl grey. Then I have my morning dresses, and my white for dancing. Mrs. Cust said that anything you found deficient in my wardrobe it would be better for you to supply than for her, because you would be the best judge of what I should require."

"Mrs. Cust does not pay much attention to dress, probably," observed Lady Verner, coldly. "She is a clergyman's wife. It is sad taste when people neglect themselves, whatever may be the duties of their station."

"But Mrs. Cust does not neglect herself," spoke up Lucy, a surprised look upon her face. "She is always dressed nicely: not fine, you know. Mrs. Cust says that the lower classes have become so fine now-a-days, that nearly the only way you may know a lady, until she speaks, is by her quiet simplicity."

"My dear, Mrs. Cust should say elegant simplicity," corrected Lady Verner. "She ought to know. She is of good family."

Lucy humbly acquiesced. She feared she herself must be too "quiet" to satisfy Lady Verner. "Will you be so kind, then, as to get me what you please?" she asked.

"My daughter will see to all those things, Lucy," replied Lady Verner. "She is not young, like you, and she is remarkably steady, and experienced."

"She does not look old," said Lucy, in her open candor. "She is very pretty."

"She is turned five-and-twenty. Have you seen her?"

"I have been with her ever so long. We were talking about India. She remembers my dear mamma; and, do you know?"—her bright expression fading to sadness—"I can scarcely remember her! I should have stayed with Decima—May I call her Decima?" broke

off Lucy, with a faltering tongue, as if she had done wrong.

"Certainly you may."

"I should have stayed with Decima and now, talking about mamma, but a gentleman came in."

"A gentleman?" echoed Lady Verner.

"Yes. Some one tall and very thin. Decima called him Jan. After that I went to my room again. I could not find it at first," she added, with a pleasant little laugh. "I looked into two; but neither was mine, for I could not see the boxes. Then I changed my dress, and came down."

"I hope you had my maid to assist you," quickly remarked Lady Verner.

"Some one assisted me. When I had my dress on, ready to be fastened, I looked out to see if I could find any one to do it, and I did. A servant was at the end of the corridor, by the window."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, you should have rung," exclaimed Lady Verner, half petrified at the young lady's unformed manners, and privately speculating upon the sins Mrs. Cust must have to answer for. "Was it Thersa?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy. "She was rather old, and had a broom in her hand."

"Old Catharine, I declare! Sweeping and dusting as usual! She might have soiled your dress."

"She wiped her hands on her apron," said Lucy, simply. "She had a nice face. I liked it."

"I beg, my dear, that in future you will ring for Thersa," emphatically returned Lady Verner, in her discomposure. "She understands that she is to wait upon you. Thersa is my maid, and her time is not half occupied. Decima exacts very little of her. But take care that you do not allow her to lapse into English when with you. It is what she is apt to do, unless checked. You speak French, of course?" added Lady Verner, the thought crossing her that Mrs. Cust's educational training might have been as deficient on that point, as she deemed it had been on that of "style."

"I speak it quite well," replied Lucy; "as well, or nearly as well, as a French girl. But I do not require anybody to wait on me," she continued. "There is never anything to do for me, but just to fasten these evening dresses that close behind. I am much obliged to you, all the same, for thinking of it, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner turned from the subject; it seemed to grow more and more unprofitable. "I shall go and hear what Jan says, if he is there," she remarked to Lionel.

"I wonder we did not see or hear him come in," was Lionel's answer.

"As if Jan could come into the house like a gentleman!" returned Lady Verner, with intense acrimony. "The back way is a step or two nearer, and therefore he patronizes it."

She quitted the room as she spoke, and Lionel turned to Miss Tempest. He had been exceedingly amused and edified at the conversation between her and his mother; but while Lady Verner had been inclined to groan over it, he had rejoiced. That Lucy Tempest was thoroughly and genuinely unsophisticated; that she was of a nature too sincere and honest for her manners to be otherwise than of truthful simplicity, he was certain. A delightful child, he thought; one he could have taken to his heart and loved as a sister. Not with any other love; that was already given elsewhere by Lionel Verner.

The winter evening was drawing on, and little light was in the room, save that cast by the blaze of the fire. It flickered upon Lucy's face, as she stood near it. Lionel drew a chair towards her.

"Will you not sit down, Miss Tempest?"

A formidable-looking chair, large and stately, as Lucy turned to look at it. Her eyes fell upon the low one which, earlier in the afternoon, had been occupied by Lady Verner.

"May I sit in this one instead? I like it best."

"You 'may' sit in any chair that the room contains, or on an ottoman, or anywhere that you like," answered Lionel, considerably amused. "Perhaps you would prefer this?"

"This was a very low seat indeed—in point of fact, Lady Verner's footstool. He had spoken in jest, but she waited for no second permission, drew it close to the fire, and sat down upon it. Lionel looked at her, his lips and eyes dancing.

"Perhaps you would have preferred the rug?"

"Yes I should," answered she, frankly. "It is what we did at the rectory. Between the lights, on a winter evening, we were allowed to do what we pleased for twenty minutes, and we used to sit down on the rug before the fire and talk."

"Mrs. Cust, also?" asked Lionel.

"Not Mrs. Cust; you are laughing at me. If she came in, and saw us, she would say we were too old to sit there, and should be better on chairs. But we liked the rug best."

"What had you used to talk of?"

"Of everything, I think. About the poor; Mr. Cust's poor, you know; and the village, and our studies, and—But I don't think I must tell you that," broke off Lucy, laughing merrily at her own thoughts.

"Yes you may," said Lionel.

"It was about that poor old German teacher of ours. We used to play her such tricks, and it was round the fire that we planned them. But she is very good," added Lucy, becoming serious, and lifting her eyes to Lionel, as if to bespeak his sympathy for the German teacher.

"Is she?"

"She was always patient and kind. The first time Lady Verner let me go to a shop, I mean to buy her a warm winter cloak. Here is so this. Do you think I could get her one for two pounds?"

"I have two coverings left of my pocket-money, besides some silver. I hope it will buy a cloak. It is Lady Verner who will have the management of my money, is it not, now that I have left Mrs. Cust's?"

"I believe so."

"I wonder how much she will allow me for myself?" continued Lucy, gazing up at Lionel with a serious expression of inquiry. "As if the question were a momentous one."

"I think cloaks for old teachers ought to be apart," cried Lionel; "they should not come out of your pocket-money."

"Oh, but I like them to do so. I wish I had a home of my own—like I shall have when papa returns to Europe. I should invite her to me for the holidays, and give her nice dinners always, and buy her some nice clothes, and send her back with her poor old heart happy."

"Invite whom?"

"Frau Muller. Her father was a gentleman of good position, and he somehow lost his inheritance. When he died she found it out—there was not a shilling for her, instead of a fortune, as she had always thought. She was over forty then, and she had to come to England and begin teaching for a living. She is fifty now, and nearly all she gets she sends to Heidelberg for her poor, sick sister. I wonder how much good, warm cloaks do cost?"

Lucy Tempest spoke the last sentence dreamily. She was evidently debating the question in her own mind. Her small white hands rested idly upon her pink dress, her clear face with its delicate bloom was still, her eyes were bent on the fire. But that Lionel's heart was elsewhere, it might have gone out, there and then, to that young girl and her attractive simplicity.

"What a pretty child you are!" involuntarily broke from him.

Up came those eyes to him, soft and luminous, their only expression being surprise, not a shade of vanity.

"I am not a child; why do you call me one? But Mrs. Cust said you would all be taking me for a child, until you knew me."

"How old are you?" asked Lionel.

"I was eighteen last September."

"Eighteen?" involuntarily repeated Lionel.

"Yes, eighteen. We had a party on my birthday. Mr. Cust gave me a most beautifully bound copy of Thomas a Kempis; he had had it bound on purpose. I will show it to you when my books are unpacked. You would like Mr. Cust if you knew him. He is an old man now, and he has white hair. He is twenty years older than Mrs. Cust; but he is so good!"

"How is it?" almost vehemently broke forth Lionel, "that you are so different from others?"

"I don't know. Am I different?"

"So different—so different—that—that—"

"What is the matter with me?" she asked, timidly, almost humbly, the delicate color in her cheeks deepening to crimson.

"There is nothing the matter with you," he answered, smiling; "a good thing if there were as little the matter with everybody else. Do you know that I never saw any one whom I liked so much at first sight as I like you, although you appear to me only as a child? If I call her often, I shall grow to love you almost as much as I love my sister Decima."

"Is not this your home?"

"No. My home is at Verner's Pride."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1862.

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FOREIGN INTERFERENCE.

It appears to be the belief of many that when the news of the recent reverse before Richmond reaches Europe, our ears will be speedily assailed by another loud outcry for armed intervention. We think this is very probable—and yet we do not think that there is any immediate danger of such interference in our concerns. Judging by the recent advice, the great liberal party of England, with Lord Palmerston at its head, has come to a clear understanding of the folly of such an attempt to better the condition of the operative classes. They see that a war with the United States would add to the present distress—which arises partly from the want of cotton, and partly from over-production—a new element of misery in the shape of the destruction of trade with the Northern States. Thus, in answer to a recent question of Mr. Hopwood's in the House of Commons, the First Lord of the Treasury said:—

of the Emperor of the French would be delighted to avail themselves of any opportunity that appeared to offer a fair prospect that such a step would be attended with success. But in the present state of the contest, while the two parties were animated with the most vehement anger and resentment against each other, I am afraid that any proposal of that kind would not be well timed, and would be sure to meet with objections on both sides. If, however, at any time, a different state of things should arise, and a fair opening for any step which would be likely to meet with the acquiescence of the two parties, it would not only be our duty to offer our services, but would afford us the greatest possible pleasure to do so.

It will be noticed that while "anything like interference with the war," is denounced as impolitic by Lord Palmerston, "mediation and good offices," at a proper time, may be resorted to.

Against such "mediation and good offices,"—proffered in case the parties on both sides desired them—of course there could be no objection. But, as Lord Palmerston well says, to proffer such mediation in the present state of feeling, "would not be well timed." How soon it is likely to be well timed, is a question the solution of which may be probably left to the next decade.

An objection to interference in conjunction with France, which probably has no slight weight in England, is the want of faith in France as a fair ally. England feels that in the recent instances of joint action, France has acted a more selfish than open and generous part. Thus the London Saturday Review says:—

If an arbitration were instituted, it would be impossible to answer for the tendencies or conduct of French diplomatists. Any leaning which they might show to the South would be attributed to their unpopular colleagues, while the burden of rejecting proposals unduly favorable to the Federalists might at any moment be thrown on the English plenipotentiaries. Both members of the international tribunal might be suspected of a regard for selfish interests, but all imputations of unfairness would be habitually concentrated on England.

Last of all would it be profitable to follow France into a struggle which would necessarily be controlled by alien counsels and motives. Joint action in war is not recommended by the experience of recent years in the Crimea, in China, or in Mexico. Good faith and friendly feeling are no sufficient security for a lasting community of interest; and it might suit the purposes of France to make peace or to continue the war against the wish and opinion of the English Government. In either case a withdrawal from the alliance would be either dangerous or discredit, and yet the objections to perseverance in joint action might be still more insurmountable. The quarrels of two allies with a common enemy are never altogether identical. It might become necessary to side with questions of Mexican policy, or of insults to the French flag, with the main object of terminating a ruinous civil war. The mere want of cotton is not precisely the same in character and in result as it affects the trade of the two countries. An armed intervention in the South, would probably be popular in Lyons, but it would certainly meet with general disapproval in Lancashire. On the whole, it is better not to engage in an uncertain partnership; it is inexpedient to undertake the gratuitous duty of carrying the Americans into commerce; and it is not even desirable to offer or to undertake a mediation which might probably end in an armed intervention by England and France.

It is impossible, we think, that such views, so sound and yet so obvious, should not receive their due consideration in England. And although the Tory party, if we may credit the common assertion that the London Herald is Lord Derby's organ, seems to be animated by an opposite spirit, we think the strong common sense of the British people will revolt from such teachings as the following, which we find credited to the paper alluded to:—

But the war has lasted a year, and may last for many years; and it inflicts on England sufferings already cruel, and increasing with each succeeding month that brings no hope of peace. If the cause of the North were a good or a holy one, England might be content to suffer long and severely, for conscience sake; but we are not willing to see our countrymen starve, their children starve, their wives and daughters starve, for the sake of Southern freedom, or that Massachusetts may grow rich on subsidies wrung by a protective tariff from Georgia and Alabama. It is time that some decided action should be taken by France and England on behalf of justice and humanity, as well as for the protection of their half ruined manufacturers and hungry operatives. Such action must be taken at last; it is impossible that things can be long allowed to remain as at present, and most improbable that any change in the aspect of American affairs will bring us any relief; and if we are to act after all, it is a saving of needless misery to act at once, with gentleness and courtesy, but with immovable firmness of purpose. The war in America the cotton famine in Europe, must be terminated; when this resolution is once announced by the two great powers, neither the patient sufferer here nor the exhausted combatants beyond the Atlantic will have long to wait for relief.

The assertion made in the last sentence of the above is one that the people of England probably will require a good deal of proof before believing. Not the reaction of the two great powers, nor of all the combined powers of Europe, would put a speedy close to the war. Such an interference would not only cause the present configuration to show a deeper and fiercer red, but would light up fresh fires in other portions of the globe. France once defied successfully a world in arms—and the people of this American Union will, if necessary, do the same thing. Such a war as European interference would probably inaugurate is an awful thing to think of—we pray Heaven that we may be spared the carnage and suffering that would in all probability ensue—but if we understand the hearts of the American people, they will never submit to European dictation in this or any other matter, until they lie prostrate, chained and lifeless at the foot of the conqueror.

Our European friends think the Americans are excited now—let them not interfere in the present quarrel, unless they wish to see a nation of madmen. It is said that it takes ten years to control one madman—let them calculate, before they begin, what it would take and cost to control twenty millions of such. But, as we have said, we believe that the

very idea of interference has been abandoned by the controlling party of England. And France will hardly move without England, especially now that she has got Mexico on her own unsaid hands—and then got, as we think, a much more serious problem to work out than she at the beginning dreamt of. Yes, France, before she goes through with Mexico, will probably have been taught a lesson of justice and prudence which her ambitious and unscrupulous ruler greatly needs.

But while we think there is very little danger of interference from France and England, we should not be greatly surprised if one or both of those Powers should consider the expediency of recognizing the so-called "Confederate" government. This, however, seems to us a comparatively trivial matter. It would of course give a certain amount of moral aid to the rebels—but it would not open their ports, nor aid them either with ships or munitions of war. We acknowledge the government of Lafayette, but that did not prevent the overthrow of the French republic. If we had acknowledged the independence of Hungary, Hungary would have fallen all the same. To that extent the European governments may go perhaps—but that, we think, will be the limit of the aid they will extend to the rebel Confederacy. Even that probably depends upon the successful defence of Richmond. If Richmond falls, before many months, even recognition will be denied the rebel Confederacy.

THEIR NUMBERS.

A recent letter from a rebel officer belonging to North Carolina, published in the Wilmington (N. C.) Journal, complains bitterly of the overlooking of the services of the troops of that state by the Virginia papers. It says:—

North Carolina and Georgia furnished fully one-half the forces engaged in the series of battles—thirty-six to forty regiments each. Yet North Carolina and Georgia have found no place in the Richmond papers. Georians among the wounded, at hospitals and private residences, you will find five, if not ten, North Carolinians to one Virginian. This has been told me by physicians in attendance. Yet the Richmond papers pretend not to know it. It is a crying shame—a piece of unblushing rascality.

I have but a single word to say. Bennett, of the Herald—with all his capacity of brag and bluster, and outrageous lying, is not at all ahead of the Richmond editors. Richmond herself cheats us out of all our soldiers' pay, and out of all our glory. If it were not for the loss to the Southern cause, I would just as soon the Yankees had the city as not. It is a Yankee city in all that especially constitutes a Yankee—brag, bluster, knavery, cheating.

If North Carolina and Georgia furnished together say 75 regiments, then it would follow from the above that the rebel army in the late battles numbered about 150 regiments. If these regiments averaged 600 men, as they probably did, it would make the rebel army about 90,000 men.

We judge the right wing of the Union army numbered about 30,000—and the assembling rebel force, excluding their reserves, was probably about 60,000; or double our numbers.

Of course, as Gen. McClellan resolved not to fight a pitched battle on his right wing, he was unable to reinforce his right to the extent of his ability. For if he had concentrated all his army on his right, the movement to James River would have been impossible. In other words, he could not move the main body of his army to the left and to the right at the same time. Why it was not considered safe to fight a pitched battle on the right, or to move the left on Richmond, the country is not yet informed—though the natural presumption is that General McClellan feared that the enemy's force too greatly outnumbered his own to warrant either of those movements.

In reference to the rebel losses, the same North Carolina officer says:—

Two-thirds of the brigade have been placed hors de combat. Two out of five colonels have been killed, the others three were wounded. Out of twelve field officers, only two have escaped unhurt. The Twenty-eighth, Thirty-third and Thirty-seventh suffered heavily.

The Seventh was literally cut to pieces, losing largely more than one-half of officers and men. The Eighteenth has less than two hundred men fit for duty—considerably less. The three field officers were wounded, eight out of ten company commanders were wounded. Only thirteen out of forty company officers are left for duty.

Not Bad.—The Richmond Enquirer tells the following anecdote, showing how much the Union troops value the gunboats. Of course its correspondent was in our lines, and saw what he describes—else how could he have found it out?

When the remnant of the Federal army reached the James river, a Federal army officer, meeting a naval officer, in the delirium of his delight threw his arms around him, and exclaimed, "There ought to be a gunboat in every man's family." So deep is their attachment to the gunboats that were all of them ordered from the river, the army would "skedaddle" out of Virginia the first dark night. They regard a Columbiad with veneration, while a four mile shooting hundred pound rifle gun is idolized. McClellan will have to carry a gunboat with every regiment before he can make them leave the river.

We may add to the above that the rebels also seem to hold the gunboats in great veneration—a veneration not entirely unmingled with fear, judging from their conduct.

GEN. HALLECK.—As we write this the common belief is that Gen. Halleck—having given up his immediate command in the South West—is to be appointed commander-in-chief under the President, and to have his headquarters at Washington. It is also believed that Gen. McClellan will be continued in his present command.

The commanders remaining in the West are Curtis, Thomas, Buell, Rosecrans, W. T. Sherman, Grant, Nelson, Davis and Asboth, the East having now got Halleck, Pope, Sigel and Mitchell.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er:
I'm nearer my home to-day
Than I ever was before!

Nearer my Father's house,
Where the many mansions be;
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the crystal sea!

Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer wearing the crown!

But lying darkly between,
Winding down through the night,
Is the dark and shadowy stream
That hurries at last into light!

Father, protect my love;
Strengthen the night of my faith;
Let me feel as I would when I stand
On the rock of the shore of death—

Feel as I would when my feet
Are slipping over the brink;
For it may be I'm nearer home,
Nearer now than I think!

TETE A TETE WITH A LION.

In the year 18—, I set out from King William's Town, in British Caffra, in company with a brother-officer, on a shooting expedition in quest of "big game"—a name given at the Cape to elephants, elands, giraffes, hartebeests, and larger species of antelopes. The excursion had been long planned and looked forward to; and at last the leave of absence "on urgent private affairs" being granted, one fine spring morning we set out. The party consisted of C—— and myself, who travelled on horseback; our English servant, who had charge of our two led horses; and two Hottentots, one of whom drove the wagon, and the other acted as conductor to the leading pair out of the fourteen oxen by which it was drawn. In the wagon were stowed away some cooking utensils of the roughest description, a belt-tent, some of our own and some of the natives' supplies of food for the horses, and a small supply of cartridges for the hunters. Our party was completed by six porters, destined to assist in the capture of the smaller game. For the more solid parts of our daily meals we trusted to our guns, which kept us pretty well supplied; and at evening we always looked out for some spot well supplied with wood and water, where we could encamp for the night. Perhaps those evening halts were the pleasantest hours in the whole expedition, when the wagon was not opened, as the Cape phrase goes, the fire lighted, the game cooked and eaten, and our party drew round the fire of acacia wood, to discuss the day's adventures over a cup of coffee and a pipe of savannah. Sometimes, when our way lay through inhabited districts, our impromptu soiree was attended by Bushmen, Hottentots, or friendly Caffres, who had accompanied us during the day, pointing out the likeliest places for game, or "spooring" an eland or a hartebeest, over ground where no European eye could discover the slightest trace of the footprints of any living creature. They were most useful to us, and thought themselves amply recompensed by a share in our supper, and a place by our fire. They often proved most entertaining companions; and as C—— spoke a little Caffre, and several of them spoke broken Dutch, we were able to make out their stories. Told as they were in those strange lonely places, by the wood-fire, which cast its weird shadows on the tawny face of the narrator, with the darkness all round us, and the strange noises breaking now and then on that vast silence and solitude, every tale of peril and adventure, of doing and daring, sounded terribly real; far more so than I can make them appear, when read in an English drawing-room so many thousand miles from the great wilds to which they belong.

Nevertheless, one of these stories made such an impression on me, that I am tempted to record it here, hoping to convey to others some faint degree of the breathless interest with which it was listened to by C—— and myself, as it was narrated by one of these chance acquaintances, a wiry little Hottentot, who sat crouching over the fire, helping out his story by graceful gesticulation, which increased in energy as our absorbed attention flattered and pleased him.

Some years back, he told us, when he was a mere lad, he was in the service of a Dutch farmer in the Orange River Territory, a part of the country much infested by lions. It was his duty to drive his master's cattle to pasture every morning, and to bring them back to the farm at night, an employment which left a good many idle hours on his hands; and what boy, Hottentot or European, could, under such circumstances, have resisted an occasional ramble after the deceiving honey-bird, or in search of ostrich eggs, or some of the other numerous treasures so congenial to boy-nature, with which those regions abound. The cattle who, during their keeper's absence, were, of course, left to their own devices, generally proved quite capable of taking care of themselves; but on one occasion, when the Hottentot counted them over before driving them home, he perceived that a fine milk cow was missing, having doubtless strayed herself off one of his transient abodes to wander away from the rest. To search for her then was impossible, and he could only trust to the carelessness of the upper servants, who often neglected to count over the animals as they entered the kraal. In this hope he was not deceived: the loss passed unnoticed; and he resolved that if he should be replaced, if possible, before he had again to risk the chance of discovery. Animated by the remembrance of former punishments, he set out alone, and without telling any one, in quest of the missing cow. He took with him a little dried meat, and a gourd

containing water, and started at a pace which few of his countrymen could have equaled. Feet of foot as they are, the immediate dread of the "sambok," or whip of rhinoceros hide, quite putting the more remote dangers of his lonely journey out of his head. An hour or two of daylight still remained, and he had no difficulty in finding the "spoor" of the lost animal, which the unerring intelligence of his race enabled him to distinguish from that of any other of the herd; and he followed it steadily, until the falling light made it undistinguishable from the foot-marks of the widestest or gun which crossed and recrossed it perpetually. It became necessary to halt, and give up the pursuit for that night, and he did so, though feeling thoroughly disheartened at the non-appearance of the cow, for whose safety he now felt the most serious uneasiness. His own also became a matter of anxiety, as night closed in, with the sudden darkness of a tropical climate, and found him alone in that desolate country, far from all human help, and with out any means of defence. He was not long in resolving what to do: he was determined, at all hazards, to find his lost charge, and would almost have preferred dying where he was to returning without her; besides which, it would have been madness to attempt to retrace his steps in the dark; so, after marking with his stick the spot on which he had left the "spoor," he looked about for some tree in which he could pass the night. He soon selected an acacia tree, which grew close by, and lost no time in climbing up and settling himself in a fork of the branches. He ate and drank sparingly, keeping a supply for the necessities of the morrow, and then completing his preparations by lashing himself to the main branch with his waist-belt, he drew his sheepskin blanket over his head, and composed himself to sleep. It was a still night; the silence only broken at intervals by the shrill notes of the screech-owl, the howl of the jackal, or the dreary laugh of the hyena—sounds to which our friend was too well accustomed to be kept awake by them.

How long he slept, he did not know, but he was awakened by a noise far different from any of those which had been mixing with his dreams—a noise which, once heard, could never be forgotten. Full, deep, and continuously near rose the dreadful sound, waking all the echoes for miles around, yet seeming to come from under his very feet—the terrible roar of a hungry lion.

Loud as it was, it failed to rouse the tired boy into full consciousness, though it made him start till he strained the belt which fastened him to the tree. Scared and bewildered, and still only half awake, he fancied for a moment that he was actually falling into the jaws of a lion; then asked himself, was the terrible sound a dream, conjured up by his unwonted sleeping place? A second roar thoroughly awakened him, and looking down, he saw in the moonlight a large, black-maned lion seated at the foot of the tree, his eyes fixed on himself, and his body motionless, save for an occasional angry lash of his tail.

It was a dreadful moment; and the hours which followed were more dreadful still. All through that terrible night the savage beast sat watching his intended victim, and the terrified boy sat motionless also, afraid to stir, and almost to breathe, lest he should exasperate the lion. Once his cramped attitude became unbearable; come what might, he felt that he must stretch his stiffened limbs for a moment; and, as noiselessly as possible, he shifted his position; but he paid dearly for the momentary relief, for at his first cautious movement, the lion rose with a roar, and sprang at the tree, high enough to make the Hottentot's blood run cold, though not high enough to reach him. As he threw himself back, and coiled his limbs into a still more cramped position, he could hear the deadly claws scraping down the tree, with a sound which might well make his heart die within him. Again the disappointed animal took up his post at the foot of the tree; and now the moon began to wane, and again the sudden darkness came down on the face of the earth, and brought a little respite to the prisoner in the acacia tree. Under its friendly shelter, he could at least stretch his stiff legs, and in spite of the horror of his situation, he dozed from time to time, always waking with a start to the same bewildered wonder, as to whether all this was a reality or a dream. He was finally awakened by the raw, cold air which precedes the dawn, and by the rushing of a herd of antelopes, fleeing before the face of the common enemy. It may be imagined in what breathless suspense he watched for the day which would probably decide his fate, how eagerly he listened for some sound which might show him whether or not the lion had abandoned his post. Once the cry of a springbok fawn, calling its mother, gave him hope; if the lion was still there, would not the creature's instinct warn it to flee? All too soon, however, the light grew stronger, and, by degrees, showed him the grim form at the foot of the tree—first in outline only, then the gleaming white teeth became visible, the cruel eyes still glaring up at him, the black mane, the savage face. Through all that long night the lion had not stirred.

More wretched hours, and then the sun rose hot and scorching, darting its unsparring rays on the poor Hottentot, till his brain trembled painfully. The lion, too, was evidently distressed; his tongue was lolling out of his mouth, his tail lashed his flanks uneasily. At last, towards noon, heat and thirst seemed to overcome him, and, with a throbbing heart, the lad saw him moving slowly off. But he was mistaken if he supposed that the relentless animal would abandon his prey so easily; he stalked away a few paces, and then stopped, looking back with a low growl, a precaution which he repeated every minute or two, until he reached a pool of water, about two hundred yards from the tree, when he quenched his thirst, and hurried back to his post. All hope seemed gone now; and, almost in despair, the Hottentot

saw day fade into evening, and evening into night.

It is useless to describe that second night; it was worse than the first, inasmuch as the terrible end seemed more certain, and mind and body were alike worn out with terror and utter weariness; but, on the other hand, he was somewhat reassured by the failure of the lion's repeated attempts to reach him with a spring; and when daylight returned he ventured, after refreshing himself with a little food and water, to climb higher up to a post whence he could look in the direction of his master's farm. His last hope now was that the farmer or some of his fellow servants might discover his absence, and come in search of him; and long and wearily did he strain his eyes in that direction. The rage of the lion, when he saw his prisoner move, was fearful to witness: he tore up the ground, bit the tree, and furrowed it with his claws; but the Hottentot felt more secure in his position than he had done at first, and, besides, the very despair of his situation gave him courage. Through all the hot hours of that long day he remained on the look out, often fancying that the indistinct forms of the hartebeests or gnus were those of his master, or some of his stalwart sons, with their long rifles, coming to the rescue.

But every hope ended in disappointment; and at last, late in the afternoon, he gave it up in utter despair, and prepared, with a sinking heart, to return to his former place, the only one in which he could fasten himself securely. As he began his cautious descent, his eyes were caught by four dark objects in the distance coming towards him. His strained and dizzy eyes could hardly distinguish them, but surely, surely, they were advancing; did his longing hope deceive him again, or was their line too even, their advance too regular, for that of a troop of wild animals? This time he was not mistaken; they came on slowly, but surely, and presently he could distinguish their forms, could see that they were four men on horseback. A slight rising ground hid the lion from any one in that direction until within twenty yards of him. In all the tumult of his sudden relief the Hottentot could perceive that; and taking off his sheepskin, he waved it over his head, shouting with all his strength, "A lion! a lion!" long before his voice could reach his deliverers. They, meanwhile, came steadily on; and now he could recognize them, the old farmer himself heading the party, two of his tall sons, rifle in hand—a welcome sight—and a Hottentot servant carrying a flint-musket. The lion was raging furiously, maddened by the cries and gestures of his prisoner, who only thought of warning the advancing party of their danger, before they came on the animal unawares.

Suddenly the Hottentot, who had dismounted, and was following the "spoor" on foot, stopped and looked up. Either the boy's cries had reached his ear, or his quick eye had caught sight of his figure, for he pointed towards the tree, and then, in an instant, he was on his horse, and the whole party advanced at a brisk gallop. This was a moment of great suspense to the poor worn-out Hottentot, who could hardly find voice to send out his warning cry: "A lion! a lion!" He saw the advancing party gallop on till, on gaining the rising ground, they suddenly halted—they had seen the lion.

The magnificent beast became aware of their presence at the same moment, and, with leisurely pace, advanced to meet them; then stood still, moving his tail slowly from side to side, and uttering a suppressed growl. His rage was a splendid sight; but it may be believed that his adversaries did not lose much time in contemplating it. They had hastily dismounted, and tied their horses together, with their heads turned away from the lion, lest terror should render them unmanageable, and now they advanced on foot. The old boy, who had shot many a lion in his day, headed the party; close behind followed his eldest son, and the remaining two brought up the rear, all moving firmly and cautiously, and each with a finger on his trigger. The lion moved a step or two to meet them, then suddenly crouched, with his head resting on his fore-paws, and remained so still, when his enemies had approached to within twenty paces of him, he began slowly and noiselessly to rise to his feet. As slowly, as noiselessly, did the old farmer drop on his knee, the others following his example; at the same moment all four raised their guns to their shoulders, and as the lion was in the act of springing, the sharp crack of the three rifles and the dead report of the flint musket were heard at once. There was a terrible roar of pain and baffled rage, and the noble animal bounded forward in his agony, and fell at the feet of the farmer and his son. How the Hottentot got down from the tree he never knew: he remembered nothing afterwards until he stood by the dying lion and saw him receive his coup de grace by a ball through the head. The farmer pronounced him the finest lion he had ever seen, and was so rejoiced at his death and at the safety of his servant, that our friend escaped the punishment, from dread of which he had nearly run so horrible a fate. Of the transient loss, less fortunate than his keeper, only the larger bones were found not far from the scene of this adventure.

In the days of the old volunteers, Mr. Ker Greenock, of Nairn, Scotland, commanded a company, which he duly drilled and paraded, but his recruits were but an awkward squad; they never would draw up in a straight line, do what he might. "Oh," he cried one day, holding up his hand in horror as he looked along the front rank—"Oh! what a bent row! Just come out, lads, and look at yourselves!"

The rebel organs still swear that all the cotton and sugar of the South shall be burned. As nine-tenths of the lovely women of the South are sugar, and the other tenth are cotton, the Nashville Union fears that the "female persuasion"—as Artemus Ward calls them—of Dixie, will be exterminated sure enough.

AN ENGLISHMAN'S OPINION OF THE UNITED STATES.

Mr. Anthony Trollope is the son of the somewhat famous lady who thirty or forty years ago set up a bazaar in Cincinnati, lost her money and her temper, and wrote a spiteful book against the United States. He himself is one of the cleverest novelists of the day, and has now written a book of travel in America. Being himself a prosperous man, he naturally thinks that an Englishman like himself occupies the most desirable position in the world. But he acknowledges, over and over again, that nine-tenths of his countrymen "would have a better life as Americans than they possibly can have as Englishmen." Here are a few passages, taken almost at random from quite different parts of the work:

AMERICANS AND ENGLISHMEN.

"The one thing in which, as far as my judgment goes, the people of the United States have excelled us Englishmen, so as to justify them in taking to themselves praise which we cannot take to ourselves or refuse to them, is the matter of education. . . . and unrivalled population, wealth and intelligence have been the results; and with these looking at the whole mass of the people—I think I am justified in saying—unrivalled comfort and happiness. It is not that you, my reader, to whom, in this matter of education, fortune and your parents have been bountiful, would have been more happy in New York than in London. It is not that I, who, at any rate, can read and write, have cause to wish that I had been an American. But it is this: if you and I can count up in a day all those on whom our eyes may rest, and learn the circumstances of their lives, we shall be driven to conclude that nine-tenths of that number would have had a better life as Americans than they can have in their sphere as Englishmen."

"If a man can forget his own miseries in his journeyings, and think of the people he comes to see rather than himself, I think he will find himself driven to admit that education has made life for the million in the Northern States better than life for the million in this."

"I do not know any contrast that would be more surprising to an Englishman, up to that moment ignorant of the matter, than that which he would find by visiting first of all a free school in London, and then a free school in New York. . . . The female pupil at a free school in London is, as a rule, either a ragged pauper or a charity girl, if not degraded, at least stigmatized by the badges and dress of the Charity. We Englishmen know well the type of each, and have a fairly correct idea of the amount of education which is imparted to them. We see the result afterwards when the same girls become our servants, and the wives of our grocers and porters. The female pupil at a free school in New York is neither a pauper nor a charity girl. She is dressed with the utmost decency. She is perfectly cleanly. In speaking to her, you cannot in any degree guess whether her father has a dollar a day or three thousand dollars a year. Nor will you be enabled to guess by the manner in which her associates treat her. As regards her own manner to you, it is always the same as though her father were in all respects your equal."

WESTERN FRONTIER FARMER.

"But yet this man has his romance, his high poetic feeling, and above all, his manly dignity. Visit him, and you will find him without coat or waistcoat, unshorn, in ragged blue trousers and old flannel shirt, too often bearing on his lantern jaws the signs of age and sickness; but he will stand upright before you and speak to you with all the ease of a lettered gentleman in his own library. All the odious ineptitude of the republican servant has been banished. He is his own master, standing on his own threshold, and finds no need to assert his equality by rudeness. He is delighted to see you, and bids you sit down on his battered bench without dreaming of any such apology as an English cotter offers to a Lady Bountiful when she calls."

"He has worked out his independence, and shows it in every easy movement of his body. He tells you of it unconsciously in every tone of his voice. You will always find in his cabin some newspaper, some book, some token of advance in education. When he questions you about the old country he astonishes you by the extent of his knowledge. I defy you not to feel that he is superior to the race from whence he has sprung in England or in Ireland. To me I confess that the manliness of such a man is very charming. He is dirty and perhaps squalid. His children are sick and he is without comforts. His wife is pale, and you think you see shortness of life written in the faces of all the family. But over and above it all there is an independence which sits gracefully on their shoulders, and teaches you at the first glance that the man has a right to assume himself to be your equal."

CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

"I must confess, that in going from the States into Canada, an Englishman is struck by the feeling that he is going from a richer country into one that is poorer, from a greater country into one that is less. I could not enter Canada without seeing and hearing, and feeling that there was less of enterprise abroad here than in the States—less of general movements, and of commercial success. When I have said so, I have heard no Canadian absolutely deny it; though in refraining from denying it, they have usually expressed a general conviction that, in settling himself for life, it is better for a man to set up his staff in Canada than in the States. 'I do not know that we are richer,' a Canadian says, 'but on the whole we are doing better and are happier.' Now I regard the golden rules against the love of gold, the 'arum arperetum et sic morietur alium,' and the rest of it as very excellent when applied to individuals. Such teaching has not much effect, perhaps, in inducing men to abstain from wealth—but such effect as it may have will be good. Men and

women do, I suppose, learn to be happier when they learn to disregard riches. But such a doctrine is absolutely false as regards a nation. National wealth produces education and progress, and through them produces plenty of food, good morals, and all else that is good. It produces luxury also, and contains evils attendant on luxury. But I think it may be clearly shown, and that it is universally acknowledged, that national wealth produces individual well-being. If this be so, the argument of my friend, the Canadian, is nought."

LIFE IN THE MILLS.

"That which most surprises an English visitor on going through the mills at Lowell, is the personal appearance of the men and women who work at them. As there are twice as many women as there are men, it is to them that the attention is chiefly called. They are not only better dressed, cleaner and better mounted in every respect than the girls employed at manufactories in England, but they are so infinitely superior as to make a stranger immediately perceive that some very strong cause must have created the difference. . . . One would, of course, be disposed to say that the superior condition of the workers must have been occasioned by superior wages; and this, to a certain extent, has been the cause. But the higher payments is not the chief cause. Women's wages, including all that they receive at the Lowell factories, average about fourteen shillings a week, which is, I take it, fully a third more than women can earn in Manchester, or did earn before the loss of the American cotton began to tell upon them. But if wages in Manchester were raised to the Lowell standard, the Manchester women would not be clothed, fed, cared for, and educated like the Lowell women."

Mr. Trollope enters at length into the general question of the war of secession; how it arose, how it might have been avoided. He is very severe on Mr. Buchanan, whom he brands as a deliberate traitor; thinks the British Government has acted throughout in perfect good faith; and is confident that the result of the war will be a separation of the Union, by which the North will largely profit. It will get rid of a burdensome and unprofitable partner, and will go on developing its industry and material power. Secession, he thinks, will be accomplished, by the Gulf States at last, "much to their misfortune; and then they will find themselves in the condition of a low and debased nation, or worse still, of many low and debased nations." They will have lost their cotton monopoly by the competition created during the period of the war, and will have no material of greatness on which to found themselves or to flourish.

"The Southern Confederation of States will stand something higher in the world than Mexico and the republics of Central America. Her cotton monopoly will have vanished, and her wealth have been wasted."

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisonous. No! a true to such impatience. Choke that foolish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do His work in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it.—Dr. Bushnell.

HONEY-SUCKLES.

Oh! honey-suckles, dainty sweet,
My heart is filled with love of you,
With never dying love of you!
You mind me of that afternoon,
In rosy, sunny, dreamy June,
Where all the air was faint with you,
When every breeze was full of you.

We sat beneath the leafy shade
The heavy twisted grapevine made,
And here and there among its green
You graceful hung, and graceful swung.
Your blossoms fit to deck a queen:
But one bright sun-ray ventured in,
And lay upon the cold, stone floor,
Looking as though a band of gold
Had slipped from off a beauteous arm,
And still with love and beauty warm,
Dedicated time to make it cold.

He said the same things o'er and o'er,
Sweet words that brided in with you
And your sweet fragrance, drooping flow'rs.
Oh! I shall prize you evermore.
For you are part of those dear hours;
When all the air was faint with you,
And every breeze was full of you,
And my heart grew in love with you!
—N. Y. Leader.

THE POWERFUL HUNTSMAN.

In the chancel of the church of Walton-upon-Thames, in the county of Surrey, are several brass plates, nailed against the south wall, to the memory of one John Selwin, celebrated for his remarkable strength, as appears by the following traditional story:—John Selwin, the person represented on these plates, both in a praying posture, and in the act of killing a stag, was, as appears by the inscription, under-keeper of the park at Osterlands, in Surrey, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the bugle-horn, the insignia of his office, being apparent in both figures. This man was extremely famous for his strength, agility, and skill in horsemanship, specimens of all which he exhibited before the Queen, at a grand stag hunt, in that park, where attending, as was the duty of his office, he in the heat of the chase suddenly leaped from his horse upon the back of the stag (both running at that time with their utmost speed) and not only kept his seat gracefully, in spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, but drawing his sword, with it guided him towards the Queen, and, coming near her presence, plunged it into his throat, so that the animal fell dead at her feet. This was thought sufficiently wonderful to be chronicled on this monument, and he is accordingly there portrayed in the act of stabbing the beast.

The man who never loved a pretty woman was lately seen by some Greenlanders going round the North Pole, an icicle a yard long hanging to his nasal organ, and a sharp nor-easter after him, whistling. "Oh, never fall in love!"

Treat your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nightly to the rack.

The Oriental Harem As It Is.

The Princess Halizade, in her recent volume of travels in the East, says:—

"We are familiar with descriptions of harems in the 'Arabian Nights' and other oriental tales; we have been told that it is the abode of love and beauty; and that in these mysterious retreats one is to find collected together all the wonders of luxury, art, magnificence and pleasure. What a mistaken idea! Imagine blackened and cracked walls; wooden ceilings, split in various places, covered with dust and cobwebs; torn and greasy sofas, ragged curtains, and everywhere traces of oil and candles. When I first entered one of these delightful bowers, I almost made me sick. The mistresses of the place, however, did not perceive it. Their persons are harmonious with all this. Mirrors being scarce in the country, the women pile on clothes and tinsed haphazard, producing a bizarre effect of which they have no conception."

"Common printed cotton handkerchiefs are wound round the head, and fastened with diamond and jewel-headed pins; while nothing can be more slowly than their hair, the very great ladies who had lived at the capital alone possessing combs. As to the paint, which they apply immoderately, both in variety of color and in quantity, its distribution can only be regulated by mutual consultation; and as all the women living under one roof are so many rivals, they willingly encourage the most grotesque illuminations of their respective countenances. That which is unendurable, and at the same time deplorable, is the effect of this taste for painting combined with the indolence and uncleanliness common to oriental females."

"There is not one, daubed as they are with orange color even to hands and feet, who does not dread the application of water as an injury to beauty. The crowd of children and servants, especially negroes, who people the harem, and the footing of equality upon which mistresses and domestics live, are likewise aggravating causes of the general filth. To this must be added the fact that the windows are generally stopped with oiled paper, and that when that is not to be found they discard windows altogether. What is utterly lacking in these apartments is air. The ladies are naturally sensitive to cold; and, without the resource of creating heat by exercise, they remain squatted on the ground before the fire for hours, wholly ignorant that the fumes of the coal they use sometimes suffocate them. Only to recall these artificial caverns, encumbered with tattered women and ill-governed children, almost deprives one of breath."

GOD'S PLAN OF YOUR LIFE.

Never complain of your birth, your training, your employment, your hardships; never fancy that you could be something, if you had a different lot and sphere assigned to you. God understands His own plan, and He knows what you want a great deal better than you do. The very things you most deprecate as fatal limitations or obstructions, are probably what you most want. What you call hindrances, obstacles, discouragements, are probably God's opportunities; and it is nothing new that the patient should dislike his medicines, or any certain proof that they are poisonous. No! a true to such impatience. Choke that foolish envy which gnaws at your heart because you are not in the same lot with others; bring down your soul, or rather bring it up to receive God's will, and do His work in your lot, in your sphere, under your cloud of obscurity, against your temptations; and then you shall find that your condition is never opposed to your good, but really consistent with it.—Dr. Bushnell.

TRUST GOD.—Are you embarrassed in your affairs? That is as much a matter of God's concern as yours. Do you not know where the bread of to-morrow is coming from? It is coming from God's loaf. And where does He keep His loaf? He does not let you know. We do not always tell our children where we keep our good things. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." One of the petitions in the Lord's prayer is, "Give us this day our daily bread." When that withers, and there is no more blood in it, then God will be dead; but until God is dead, that petition, being touched, will yield food and raiment. Do not be afraid. O ye of little faith, can ye not trust that God who has administered to you so abundantly?—Becher.

STRETCH IT A LITTLE.—A little girl and her brother were on their way to the grocery one wintry morning. The ground was white with frost, and the wind was very sharp. They were both poorly dressed, but the little girl had a sort of coat over her, which she seemed to have outgrown. As they walked briskly along, she drew her little companion close up to her, saying, "Come under my coat, Johnny." "It isn't big enough for both," she replied. "I think I can stretch it a little," she said; and they were soon as close together and as warm as two birds in the same nest. How many shivering bodies, and heavy hearts, and weeping eyes, there are in the world, just because people do not stretch their comforts a little beyond themselves!

MAN WITHOUT PIETY AND VIRTUE.—The true reason why the societies of men are so full of tumult and disorder, so troublesome and tempestuous, is because there is so little of true religion among men; so that, were it not for some small remainder of piety and virtue, which is yet left scattered among mankind, human society would in a short space disband and run into confusion; the earth would grow wild, and become a great forest, and mankind would become beasts of prey one toward another.

PERIODS OF AFFLICTION.—There are moments of mingled sorrow and tenderness, which hallow the caresses of affection.—Washington Irving.

WAITING.

Long lines of white divide my raven hair,
The first approach of gradual decay;
These glossy curls with which I loved to play
In that far time when I was young and fair.

And am I not still fair? They tell me so.
What though the color from my cheek took flight
Upon that awful, well-remembered night,
When first I heard that he I loved lay low!

Oh, God! the sense of wild bewilderment,
Of utter desolation everywhere!
'Twas morning ere my lips were fit for prayer,
Months ere I felt my sorrow Heaven-sent.

But peace has come. My heart is almost light,
And easy think that time has cured the wound;
Like him, who with his eyes upon the ground,
And halting accents, wooed me yesternight.

Oh! 'twas not thus that thou wert wont to woo,
With feeble platitudes and "wildered sense";
But with a noble flood of eloquence,
And honest eyes that looked me through and through.

He thought I had forgot thee. Oh, my love!
What knew he of the dew that drops unseen,
And keeps thy tender memory fresh and green,
Until that day when we shall meet above?

What knew he of the vows that make my life
A long, and secret, never to be revealed—
A fast-closed casket with thy signet sealed—
A widowhood, ere yet I am a wife?

Each day I live again our last adieu,
The long-drawn sighs, the kisses, and the tears,
The hopes—the giant hopes—the little fears,
Of that last evening underneath the yew.

Oh! when, at last, thou shalt be beneath thy
breath
If I would wait a maiden for thy sake;
And, conscious of the answer I must make,
Smiled, ere I whispered, "Ever, love, till death!"

Did I not sicken with a sudden fright,
That it might be as even it has been?
Did I not clasp thy neck my arms between
Last some rash power should wrest thee from
my sight?

So I have waited, and I still will wait
(For Hope is infinite and Mercy wide)
Till kindly Death restore to thee thy bride,
And my lone heart no more be desolate.

And yet I would not wish my watch to end;
I have the cheerful faces of the poor,
That seem to brighten as I pass their door;
I have thy brother's orphan babe to tend.

Dear child! last evening at the old, old place,
I saw him watch me as I strayed behind,
And as I kissed the letters in the ring,
I felt a blush rise hot into my face.

He calls me mother, too; and I have seen
At times so strange a likeness, love, to thee,
That I have drawn him closer unto me,
And wept to think of that which might have been.

Wait then, oh, heart!—again the morning sun
Shall through the vanquished mists his path-
way win!
Again, once more, my round of life begins,
Thank God that I can say, "Thy will be done."

THE CHANNINGS.
(CONCLUDED.)

BY MRS. WOOD,
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LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIR," &c., &c.

CHAPTER LIX.
READY.

The glorious surprise of Charley's safety
greeted Hamish on his return home to dinner.
In fact, he was just in time, having come some-
what before one o'clock, to witness Charley's
arrival from the college school-room, escorted
by the whole tribe, from the first to the last.
Even Gerald Yorke made one, as did
Mr. William Simms. Gerald, the smart one,
deemed it best to put a light, careless, never-
more-care face upon his punishment, disgraceful
though it was considered to be for a
senior. To give Gerald his due, his own
share in the day's exploits faded into insignifi-
cance, compared with the shock of mortifica-
tion which shook him when he heard the
avowal of his mother regarding Roland. He
and Tod had been the most eager of all the
school to cast the guilt of Arthur in Tom
Channing's cloak; they had proclaimed it as
particularly objectionable to their feelings
that the robbery should have taken place in an
office where their brother was a pupil;
and now they found that Tom's brother had
been entirely innocent, and that other bro-
ther of theirs guilty! It was well that Ger-
ald's brow should burn. "But she'd no
cause to come here and blurt it out to the lot,
right in one's face!" soliloquized Gerald, al-
luding to Lady Augusta. "They'd have
heard it soon enough, without that."

Mr. William Simms also attended Charles.
Mr. William was hoping that the return of
Charley would put him upon a better footing
with the school. He need not have hoped
it: his offence had been one that the college
boys never forgive. Whether Charley re-
turned dead or alive, or had never returned
at all, Simms would always remain a sneak
in their estimation. "Sneak Simms," he had
been called since the occurrence; and he had
come to the resolve, in his own mind, of writ-
ing word home to his friends that the studies
in Helstonleigh college school were too hard
for him, and asking to be removed to a pri-
vate one. I think he would have to do it
still.

Hamish lifted Charley to him with an
eager, fond movement. The sight of him
took a weight from his mind. Although really
irresponsible for the disappearance of
Charles, he had always felt that his father
and mother might inwardly attach some
blame to him—might deem him to have been
wanting in care. Now, all was sunshine.

Dinner over, Mr. Channing walked with
Hamish to the office. They were some time
getting there. Every other person they met

stopped Mr. Channing to congratulate him.
It seemed that the congratulations were never
tired. It was not only the renewed health
of Mr. Channing that people had to speak of,
Helstonleigh, from one end to the other, was
ringing with the news of Arthur's innocence;
and Charley's return was getting wind.

They reached Guild Street at last. Mr.
Channing entered and shook hands with his
clerk, and then took his own place in his pri-
vate room.

"Where are we to put you now, Hamish?"
he said, looking at his son with a smile.
"There's no room for you. You will not
like taking your place with the clerks again."

"Perhaps I had better follow Roland
Yorke's plan, and emigrate," replied Hamish,
demurely.

"I wish Mr. Huntley— By the way, Ham-
ish, it would only be a mark of courtesy if
you stopped as far as Mr. Huntley's, and told
him of Charles's return," broke Mr. Chan-
ning; the idea recurring to him with Mr.
Huntley's name. "None have evinced more
sympathy than he, and he will be rejoiced to
hear that the child is safe."

"I'll go at once," said Hamish.
Nothing loth was he, on his own part, to
pay a visit at Mr. Huntley's.

Hamish overtook Mr. Huntley close at his
own home. He was returning from the town.
Had he been home earlier, he would have
heard the news from Harry. But Harry had
now had his dinner and was gone again. He
did not dine at the late table.

"I have brought you some news, sir," said
Hamish, as they entered together.

"News again! It cannot be very great,
by the side of what we were favored with last
night from Mr. Roland," was the remark of
Mr. Huntley.

"But, indeed it is. Greater news than
even that. We have found Charley, Mr.
Huntley."

Mr. Huntley sprang from the chair he was
taking.

"Found Charley! Have you really?—
Where has he—Hamish, I see by your coun-
tenance that the tidings are good. He must
be alive."

"He is alive and well. At least, well com-
paratively speaking. A barge was passing
down the river at the time he fell in, and a
man leaped overboard and saved him. Char-
ley has been in the barge ever since, and has
had brain fever."

"And how did he come home?" wondered
Mr. Huntley, when he had sufficiently digested
the news.

"The barge brought him back. It is on
its way up again. Charley arrived under
convoy of the barge-woman, a red handker-
chief on his head in lieu of his trencher,
which, you know, he lost that night," added
Hamish, laughing. "Lady Augusta, who
was going out of the house as he entered,
was frightened into the belief that it was his
ghost, and startled them all with her cries to
that effect, including the bishop, who was
with my father in the drawing-room."

"Hamish! it is like a romance!" said Mr.
Huntley.

"Very nearly, taking one circumstance
with another. My father's return, cured;
Roland's letter; and now, Charley's resuscita-
tion. Their all happening together renders
it the more remarkable. Poor Charley does
look as much like a ghost as anything, and
his curls are gone. They had to cut his hair
close in the fever."

Mr. Huntley paused.

"Do you know, Hamish," he presently
said, "I begin to think we were all a set of
muffs? We might have thought of a barge."

"If we had thought of a barge, we should
never have thought the barge would carry
him off," dissented Hamish. "However, we
have got him back, and I thank God. I al-
ways said he would turn up, you know."

"I must come and see him," said Mr. Hun-
tley. "I was at the college school this morn-
ing, therefore close to your house, but I did
not call. I thought your father would have
enough callers, without me."

Hamish laughed.

"He has had a great many. The house, I
understand, has been like a fair. He is in
Guild Street this afternoon. It looks like
the happy old times to see him at his post
again."

"What are you going to do, now your
place is usurped?" asked Mr. Huntley. "Sub-
stitute into a clerk again, and discharge the one
who was taken on in your stead when you
were promoted?"

"That's the question—what is to be done
with me?" returned Hamish, in his joking
manner. "I have been telling my father that
I had perhaps better pay Port Natal a visit,
and join Roland Yorke."

"I told your father once, that when this
time came, I would help you to a post."

"I am aware you did, sir. But you told me
subsequently you had altered your inten-
tion—that I was not eligible for it."

"Believing you were the culprit at Gallo-
way's."

Hamish raised his eyebrows.

"The extraordinary part of that, sir, is,
how you could have imagined such a thing
of me."

"Hamish, I shall always think so myself
in future. But I have this justification—that
I was not alone. Some of your family, who
might be supposed to know you better than I,
entertained the same belief."

"Yes; Constance and Arthur. But are you
sure, sir, that it was not their conduct that
first induced you to suspect me?"

"Right, lad. Their conduct—I should
rather say their manner—was inexplicably
mysterious, and it set me on to ferret out the
cause. That they were screening some one
was evident, and I could only come to the
conclusion that it was you. But Master
Hamish, there were circumstances on your
own part which tended to bear out the be-
lief," added Mr. Huntley, his tone becoming
jocular. "Where sprung that money where-
with you satisfied some of your troublesome
creditors just at that same time?"

Once more, as when it was spoken of be-
fore, a red flush dyed the face of Hamish.

Certainly, it could not be a flush of guilt,
while that ingenuous smile hovered on his
lips. But Hamish seemed attacked with sud-
den shyness.

"Your refusal to satisfy me on this point,
when we previously spoke of it, tended to
confirm my suspicions," continued Mr. Hun-
tley. "I think you might make a confidant
of me, Hamish. The money could not have
dropped from the clouds; and I am sure
you possessed no funds of your own just then."

"But neither did I steal it, Mr. Huntley!"
—raising his eyes to that gentleman's face—
"how closely you must have watched me and
my affairs!"

Mr. Huntley drew in his lips.

"Perhaps I had my own motives for doing
so, young sir."

"I earned the money," said Hamish, who
probably penetrated into Mr. Huntley's "mo-
tives;" at any rate, he hoped he did. "I
earned it fairly and honorably, by my own
private industry."

Mr. Huntley opened his eyes.

"Private industry? Have you turned shoe-
maker?"

"Not shoemaker," laughed Hamish.
"Book-maker. The truth is, Mr. Huntley—
but will you promise to keep my secret?"

"Ay. Honor bright."

"I don't want it to be known just yet. The
truth is, I have been doing some literary
work. Martin Pope got me an introduction
to one of the London editors, and I furnished
some papers. They were approved of and
inserted; but for the first I got no pay. I
threatened to strike, and then payment was
promised. The first instalment which came
I chiefly used to stop my debts; the second
and third to liquidate them. That's where
the money came from."

Mr. Huntley stared at Hamish as if he
could scarcely take in the news. It was, how-
ever, only the simple truth. When Martin
Pope paid a visit to Hamish, one summer
night—frightening Hamish, frightening Ar-
thur, who dreaded it might be a less inoffen-
sive visitor—frightening Constance, for the
matter of that, for she heard more of their
dread than was expedient—his errand was to
tell Hamish that he was to be paid for his
papers in future; that payment was to com-
mence forthwith. You may remember the
evening, though it is long ago. You may
also remember Martin Pope's coming hur-
riedly into the office in Guild Street, telling
Hamish somebody was starting by the train;
when both hastened to the station, leaving
Arthur in wonder. That was the very Lon-
don editor himself. He had been on a coun-
try tour, and was taking Helstonleigh on his
way back; had stayed in it a day or two, for
the purpose of seeing Martin Pope, who was
an old friend, and of being introduced to
Hamish Channing. That shy feeling of re-
luctance, which is the characteristic of most
persons whose genius is worth anything, had
induced Hamish to bury all this in silence.

"But when have you found time to
write?" exclaimed Mr. Huntley, who could
not get over his surprise. "You could not
find it during office hours?"

"Certainly not. I have written in the
evening, and at night. I have been a great
rake, stopping up later than I ought, over this
writing."

"Do they know of it at home?"

"They know that I sit up; but they don't
know what I sit up for. By way of a blind—
I suppose it may be called a justifiable de-
ceit," said Hamish, gayly. "I have taken care
to carry the office books into my room, that
their suspicions may be confined to the ac-
counts. Judy's keen eyes detected my candle
burning later than she considered it ought to
burn, and her rest has been disturbed with
visions of my setting the house on fire. I
have counselled her to keep the water-butt
full, under her window, so that she may be
safe."

"And are you getting money now?"

"In one sense, I am; I am writing for it.
My former papers were mostly disjointed
ones—essays, and the like; but I am about a
longer work now, to be paid for on comple-
tion. When it is finished and appears, I
shall startle them at home with the news,
and treat them to a sight of it. When all
other trades fail, sir, I can set up my staff as
author."

Mr. Huntley's feelings glowed within him.
None more than he knew the value of sil-
ent industry—the worth of those who pa-
tiently exercise it. His heart went out to
Hamish.

"I suppose I must recommend you to Bar-
lett's post, after all," said he, affecting to
speak carelessly, his eye betraying something
very different.

"Is it not gone?" asked Hamish.

"No, it is not gone. And the appointment
rests with me. How would you like it?"

"Nay," said Hamish, half mockingly,
"the question is, Should I be honest enough
for it?"

Mr. Huntley shook his fist at him.

"If you ever bring that reproach up to
me again, I'll—I'll— You had better keep
friends with me, you know, sir, on other
scores."

Hamish laughed.

"I should like the post very much indeed,
sir."

"And the house also, I suppose, you
would make no objection to?" nodded Mr.
Huntley.

"None in the world. I must work away,
though, if it is ever to get furnished."

"How can you tell but some benevolent
spirit might furnish it for you?" cried Mr.
Huntley, jocularly.

They were interrupted before anything
more was said. Ellen, who had been out
with her aunt, came running in, all excite-
ment.

"Oh, papa! such happy news! Charles
Channing is found. He—"

She stopped when she saw that she had
another auditor. Hamish rose to greet her.
He took her hand, released it, and then re-

turned to the fire to Mr. Huntley. Ellen
stood by the table; she had grown suddenly
timid.

"You will soon be receiving a visit from
my mother and Constance," observed Ham-
ish, looking at her.

"I heard certain arrangements being dis-
cussed, in which Miss Ellen Huntley's name
bore a part. We are soon to lose Con-
stance."

Ellen blushed rosy red. Mr. Huntley was
the first to speak.

"Yorke has come to his senses, I sup-
pose?"

"Yorke and Constance between them have,
in a short time she is to be transplanted to
Hastedon."

"It is more than he deserves," emphati-
cally cried Mr. Huntley. "I suppose you
will be thinking of getting married next,
Mr. Hamish, when you come into possession
of that house we have been speaking of, and
are your own master?"

"I always intended to think of it, sir, as
soon as I could," returned saucy Hamish.
And Ellen ran out of the room.

That same afternoon Arthur Channing was
seated at the organ in pursuance of his duty,
when a message came up from the dean.
He was desired to change the anthem first
up, taken from the thirty-fifth Psalm, for
another, "O taste and see how gracious the
Lord is."

It was not an anthem in the printed col-
lection of the cathedral, but one which had
been recently composed, and presented to it
by a private individual. It consisted of a
treble solo and chorus. Why had the dean
specially commanded it for that afternoon?
It was very rare indeed that he changed the
services after they were put up. Had he had
Arthur in his mind when he fixed upon it?
It was impossible to say. Be it as it would,
the words found a strangely applicable echo
in Arthur's heart, as the sweet voice of By-
water rang through the Cathedral:—

"Oh, taste and see how gracious the Lord
is! blessed is the man that trusteth in Him!
Oh, fear the Lord, ye that are His servants!
for they that fear Him lack nothing. The lone
do lack and suffer hunger; but they who seek
the Lord shall want no manner of thing that
is good. The eyes of the Lord are over the
righteous; and His ears are open unto their
prayers. Great are the troubles of the right-
eous; but the Lord delivereth him out of all.
The Lord delivereth the souls of His servants;
and all they that put their trust in Him shall
not be destitute."

Every word told upon Arthur's heart, send-
ing it up in thankfulness to that great Lord,
the Giver of all good.

He found the dean waiting for him in the
nave, when he went down at the conclusion
of the service. Doctor Gardner was with
him. The dean held out his hand to
Arthur.

"I am very glad you are cleared," he said.
"You have behaved nobly."

Arthur winced. He did not like to take
the faintest meed of praise that was not his
strict due. The dean might have thought he
deserved less, did he know that he had been
only screening Hamish; but Arthur could not
avow that tale in public. He glanced at the
dean with a frank smile.

"You see now, sir, that I only spoke the
truth when I assured you of my innocence."

"I do see it," said the dean. "I believed
you then."

And once more shaking Arthur's hand, he
turned into the cloisters with Doctor Gar-
ner.

"I have already offered my congratula-
tions," said the canon, good-humoredly, nod-
ding back to Arthur; which was correct. He
had waylaid Arthur as he went into col-
lege.

Arthur suffered them to go on a few steps,
and then descended to the cloisters. Old
Ketch was shuffling along.

"What's this as I've been a hearing about
that there drowned boy having come back?"
asked he, of Arthur, in his usual ungracious
fashion.

"I don't know what you may have heard,
Ketch. He is come back."

"And he ain't dead, nor drowned?"

"Neither one nor the other. He is alive
and well."

Ketch gave a groan of despair.

"And them horrid young wretches 'll es-
cape the hangman! I'd ha' walked ten miles
to see 'em—"

"Gracious, Sir John, what's that you are
talking about?" interrupted Bywater, as the
choristers trooped up. "Escaped you! So
we have, for once! What an agony of dis-
appointment it must be for you, Mr. Calcraft!
Such practice for your old hands, to topple
off a dozen or so of us! Besides the pay!—
How much do you charge a head, Calcraft?"

Ketch answered by a yell.

"Now don't excite yourself, I beg," went
on aggravating Bywater. "We are thinking
of getting up a petition to the dean, to con-
sider your disappointment, praying that he'll
allow you to wear a cap that we have or-
dered for you! It's made of scarlet cloth,
with long ears, and a set of drooping bells!
Its device is a cross beam and a cord, and we
wish your health to wear it out! I say, let's
wish Mr. Calcraft health! What's the trip
a pound to-day, Calcraft?"

The choristers, in various stages of delight,
entered on their aggravating shouts—on their
mocking dance. When they had driven Mr.
Ketch to the very verge of insanity, they de-
camped to the school room.

I need not enlarge on the evening of thank-
fulness it was at Mr. Channing's. Not one
but had special cause for gratitude—save,
perhaps, Anabel. Mr. Channing restored to
health and strength; Mrs. Channing's
anxiety removed; Hamish secure in his new
prospects—for Mr. Huntley had made them
certain; heaviness removed from the heart
of Constance; the cloud lifted from Arthur;
Tom on the pedestal he thought he had lost;
were also of the Oxford exhibition; Charley
amidst them again! They could trace the
finger of God in all; and were fond of
doing it.

Soon after tea, Arthur arose. "I must drop
in and see Jenkins," he observed. "He will
have heard the news from twenty
people, there's little doubt; but he will like
me to go to him with particulars. No one in
Helstonleigh has been more anxious that
things should turn out happily, than poor
Jenkins."

"Tell him he has my best wishes for his
recovery, Arthur," said Mr. Channing.

"I will tell him," replied Arthur. "But I
fear all hope of recovery for Jenkins is past."

It was more decidedly past than even Ar-
thur suspected when he spoke. A young wo-
man was attending to Mrs. Jenkins's shop
when Arthur passed through it. Her face
was strange to him; but, from a certain pec-
uliarity in the eyes and mouth, he inferred it
to be Mrs. Jenkins's sister. In point of fact,
that lady, finding that her care of Jenkins
and her care of the shop rather clashed with
each other, had sent for her sister from the
country to attend temporarily on the latter.
Lydia went up to Jenkins's sick room, and
said a gentleman was waiting; and Mrs. Jen-
kins came down.

"Oh, it's you!" quoth she. "I hope he'll
be at rest now. He has been bothering his
mind over you all day. My opinion is, he'd
never have come to this state if he had taken
things easy, like sensible people."

"Is he in his room?" inquired Arthur.

"He is in his room, and in his bed. And
what's more, young Mr. Channing, he'll never
get out of it alive."

"Then he is worse?"

"He has been worse this four days. And
I only get him up now to have his bed made.
I said to him yesterday, 'Jenkins, you may
put on your things, and go down to the office,
if you like.' 'My dear,' said he, 'I couldn't
get up, much less get down to the office!'
I wish I knew was the case, before I spoke.
I wish I had my wife about me!" somewhat
lasciviously went on Mrs. Jenkins; "I should
have had his bed brought down to the parlor
here, before he was so ill. I don't speak
for the shop, I have got somebody to attend
to that; but it's such a toll and trapes up them
two pair of stairs for every little thing that's
wanted."

"I suppose I can go up, Mrs. Jenkins?"

"You can go up," returned she; "but mind
you don't get worrying him. I won't have
him worried. He worries himself, without
anybody else doing it gratis. If it's not about
one thing it's about another. Sometimes it's
his master and the office, how they'll get
along; sometimes it's me what I shall do with-
out him; sometimes it's his old father. He
don't need any foreign things to put him up."

"I am sorry he is so much worse," remarked
Arthur.

"So am I," said Mrs. Jenkins, tartly. "I
have been a doing all I could for him from
the first, and it has been like working against
hope. If care could have cured him, he'd be
well now. I have got some trifling savings in
the bank, young Mr. Channing, and I have not
spared them. If they had ordered him medi-
cine at a guinea a bottle, I'd have got it for
him; if they had said he must have wine or
delicacies brought from the other end of the
earth, they should have been brought. Jen-
kins ain't good for much, in point of spirit, as
all the world knows; but he's my husband,
and I have strove to do my duty by him.
Now, if you want to go up, you can go,"
added she, after an imperceptible pause.

"There's a light on the stairs, and you know
his room. I'll take the opportunity to give
an eye to the kitchen; I don't care to leave
him by himself now. Finely it's going on, I
know!"

Mrs. Jenkins whisked down the kitchen
stairs, and Arthur proceeded up. Jenkins
was lying in bed, his head raised by pillows.
Whatever may have been Mrs. Jenkins's faults
of manner, her efficiency as a nurse and man-
ager could not be called in question. A bright
fire burnt in the well-ventilated though small
room, the bed was snowy white, the apart-
ment altogether thoroughly comfortable.
But—Jenkins!

Fully occupied with his work for Mr. Gal-
loway, it was several days since Arthur had
called on Jenkins, and the change he now saw
in his face struck him sharply. The skin was
glazed and drawn, the eyes were unnaturally
bright, the cheeks had fallen in; certainly
there could not be very many hours of life
left to Jenkins. A smile sat on his parched
lips, and his eyelashes became moist as he
looked up to Arthur, and held out his feeble
hand.

Hamish, Arthur's hand between his. "God bless you, Mr. Arthur," he fervently said; "may He be your friend for ever! May He render your dying bed happy, as He has rendered mine!" And Arthur turned away—never again to see Jenkins in life.

"Blessed are those servants, whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching." As Jenkins was that night, when the messenger came for him.

"He ye therefore ready also; for the Son of man cometh at an hour that ye think not."

CHAPTER LX.

IN WHAT DOES IT LIE?

Had the clerk of the weather been favored with an express letter containing a heavy bribe, a more lovely day could not have been secured than that one in January which witnessed the marriage of Constance Channing to the Rev. William York.

The church ceremony was over, and they were home again; seated at breakfast with the invited guests. But few guests were present, and they mostly close friends: the Huntleys; Lady Augusta York and Gerald; Mr. Galloway; and the Rev. Mr. Pye, who married them. It is the fashion in these days to have a superfluity of bridesmaids; I am not sure that a young lady would consider herself legally married unless she enjoyed the privilege. Constance, though not altogether a slave to fashion, had followed it, not in a very extensive degree. Annabel Channing and Ellen Huntley, Caroline and Fanny York, had been the demurest of demure. Charles's autumn curls had grown on again, and Charles himself was in rather better condition than when he arrived from his *impromptu* excursion. For grandeur, nobody could match with Miss Huntley; her brocade silk stood on end, stiff and prim, and stately as herself. Judy, in her way, was stately too; a curiously fine lace cap on her head, which had not been allowed to see the light since Charles's christening, with a big white satin bow in front of it, twice as large as the cap itself. And that was no despicable size.

The only one who did not behave with a due regard to what might be expected of him, was Hamish—gracious as it is to have to record it. It had been duly impressed upon Hamish that he was to conduct Miss Huntley into breakfast, etiquette and society consoling that lady to his share. Mr. Hamish, however, chose to misconstrue instructions in the most deplorable manner. He left Miss Huntley, a prey to whoever might pick her up, and took in Miss Ellen. It might have passed muster possibly, but for Annabel's tongue, which appeared to be under no more stringent rule that important morning than it was at other times.

"Hamish, that's wrong! It is Miss Huntley you are to take in; not Ellen."

Hamish had grown suddenly deaf. He walked on with Ellen, leaving the confusion to right itself. Arthur stepped up in the dilemma, and the tips of Miss Huntley's white-gloved fingers were laid upon his arm. It would take her some time to forgive Hamish, favorite though he was. Later, Hamish took the opportunity of reading Miss Annabel a private lecture on the expediency of minding her own business.

Hamish was in his new post now, at the bank; thoroughly well established. He had not yet taken up his abode in the house. It was too large, he laughingly said, for a single man.

The breakfast came to an end, as other breakfasts do; and next, Constance came down in her travelling dress. Now that the moment of parting was come, Constance, in her agitation, longed for it to be over. She hurriedly wished them adieu, and lifted her tearful face last to her father.

Mr. Channing laid his hands upon her. "May God bless my dear child, and be her guide and refuge forever! William York, it is a treasure of great price that I have given you this day. May she be as good a wife as she has been a daughter!"

Mr. York, murmuring a few heartfelt words, put Constance into the carriage, and they drove away.

"It will be your turn next," whispered Hamish to Ellen Huntley, who stood watching the departure from one of the windows.

"What?" said Ellen, who would have said—whether she would have given any other answer than that accorded by her blushing cheeks—cannot be told. The whisper had not been quite so low as Hamish deemed it, and it was overheard by Mr. Huntley.

"There may be two words to that bargain, Mr. Hamish."

"Twenty if you like, sir," responded Hamish, promptly, "so that they be affirmative ones."

"Ellen," whispered Mr. Huntley, "would you have him with all his gracelessness?"

Ellen looked ready to drop, and her eyes filled.

"Do not joke now, papa," was all she said.

Hamish caught her hand, and took upon himself the office of soothing her. And Mr. Huntley relaxed into a smile, and did not blinder him.

But somebody else was bursting into tears; the sounds testified. It proved to be Lady Augusta York. A few tears might well be exuded to Mrs. Channing, on the occasion of parting with her ever-loving, ever-fertile child; but what could Lady Augusta have to cry about?

Lady Augusta was excessively impulsive; as you have long ago learnt. The happiness of the Channing family, in their social relations to each other—the loving gentleness of Mr. and Mrs. Channing with their children—the thorough respect, affection, duty, rendered to them by the children in return—had struck her more than ever on this morning. She was contrasting the young Channings with her boys and girls, and the contrast made her feel low-spirited. Thus she was just primed to go off, when the parting came with Constance, and the burst took place as she watched the carriage from the door.

And any one asked Lady Augusta why she cried, she would have been puzzled to state. "Tell me," she suddenly uttered, turning and seizing Mrs. Channing's hands—"what makes the difference between your children and mine? My children were not born bad, any more than yours were; and yet, look at the trouble they give me. In what does it lie?"

"I think," said Mrs. Channing, quietly, and with some hesitation—for it was not a pleasant thing to say what might tacitly reflect on Lady Augusta—"that the difference in most children lies in the bringing up. Children turn out well or ill as they are trained; they will become our blessing or our grief."

"Ah, yes, that must be," acquiesced Lady Augusta. "And yet—I don't know," she rejoined, doubtfully. "Do you believe that so very much lies in the training?"

"It does, indeed, Lady Augusta. God's laws everywhere proclaim it. Look at the productions of the earth. Dig out a rough diamond from a mine—what is it, unless you polish it, and cut it, and set it? Do you see its value, its beauty, in its native state? Look at the trees of our fields, the flowers of our parterres, the vegetables of our gardens—what are they, unless they are pruned, dug about, cared for? It is by cultivation alone that they can be brought to perfection. Compare those which have grown up in a wild, rude state, with others that have been sedulously reared and tended, you can scarcely believe them to be of the same species. And if God made the productions of the earth so that it is only by our constant attention and labor they can be brought to perfection, would He, think you, have us evince less care for that far more important product, our children's minds? They may be trained to perfection, or they may be let run to waste by neglect."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Lady Augusta; "but it is a dreadful trouble, always to be worrying over children."

"It is a trouble that, in a very short time after entering upon it, grows into a pleasure," said Mrs. Channing. "I am sure that there is not a single mother, really training her children to good, but will bear me out in the assertion. It is a pleasure that they would not be without. Take it from them, and the most delightful occupation of their lives is gone. And think of the reward! Were there no higher end to be looked for, it would be found in the loving, obedient docility of the children. You talk of the trouble, Lady Augusta; those who would escape trouble with their children, should be careful to train them."

"I think I'll begin at once with mine," exclaimed Lady Augusta, brightening up.

A smile crossed Mrs. Channing's lips, as she slightly shook her head. None knew better than she that training, to bear its proper fruit, must be begun with a child's earliest years.

Meanwhile, Mr. Galloway was holding a conference with Mr. Channing.

"Presents seem to be the order of the day," he was remarking, in allusion to sundry pretty offerings which had been made to Constance. "I think I may as well contribute my mite—"

"Why, you have done it! You gave her a bracelet, you know," cried Miss Annabel. "For which abrupt interruption she was forthwith consigned to a respectful distance, and ran away to be teased by Tom and Gerald."

"I have something in my pocket which I wish to give to Arthur, which I have been intending for some time to give him," resumed Mr. Galloway, taking from his pocket what seemed to be a roll of parchment—

"Will you accept them, Arthur?"

"What, sir?"

"Your articles."

"Oh, Mr. Galloway!"

"No thanks, my boy. I am in your debt far deeper than I like to be! A trifling thing like this—touching the parchment—'cannot wipe out the suspicion I cast upon you—the disgrace which followed it. Perhaps at some future time I may be able to atone for it better. I hope we shall be together many years, Arthur. I have no son to succeed to my business, and it may be—But I will leave that, until the future comes—"

It was a valuable present gracefully offered, and Mr. Channing and Arthur acknowledged it as such, passing over the more valuable hint in silence.

"Children," said Mr. Channing, as the festivities of the day being at an end, and the guests departed—they gathered together round their fireside, bereft of Constance, "what a forcible lesson of God's mercy ought these last few months to teach us! Six months ago there came to us the news that our suit was lost; other troubles followed upon it, and things looked dark. But I, for one, never lost my trust in God; and for a moment shaken; and if you are the children I and your mother have striven to bring up, you did not lose yours. Tom," turning suddenly upon him, "I fear you were the most impatient."

Tom looked contrite.

"I fear I was, papa."

"What good did the indulgence in your hasty spirit do you?"

"No good, but harm," frankly confessed Tom. "I hope it has helped me to some notion of patience, though, for the future, papa."

"Ay," said Mr. Channing. "Hope on, strive on, work on, and trust on! I believe that you made those your watchwords, as did I. And now, in an almost unprecedentedly short time, we are brought through our troubles. While others, equally deserving, have to struggle for years before the cloud is lifted, it has pleased God to bring us out wonderfully quickly, to heap mercies and blessings, and a hopeful future upon us. I may truly say, 'He has brought us to great honor, and comforted us on every side.' Let us praise God!"

"I have been young, and now am old; and yet I never the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread."

[THE END.]

Additions Proposed to the Tax Bill.

The Knickerbocker Magazine furnishes the following items, which may be added to the next tax bill, if a supplement is furnished:

Tax on mousetraps, \$2 per month.

On whiskers, other than those belonging to cats and dogs, \$2 per month.

To increase in the public highway, 15 cents.

If accompanied with unusual noise, 25 cents.

N. B. But we understand a deduction of 5 per cent. is made in favor of New England during the prevalence of an East wind.

For every button on coat, 8 cents.

For carrying cane, \$1.

For lorgnets or quizzing glasses, \$1.

For using Expressly Prepared Mucilage, 2 cents per pot.

Pencils and pens, \$5 per annum.

On all keys in use, 6 cents.

For kissing anybody except relatives, 25 cents each time.

[N. B. Engaged couples may "commute" for \$10 per month.]

For ringing door bells or using knockers, 1 cent.

For using scraper or door mat before a door, 1 cent.

For not using scraper or door mat, \$1.

For looking at a lady anywhere \$10.

For shaking hands with ladies, 10 cents.

For squeezing said hands, \$1.

For not squeezing said hands when "circumstances favor," \$10.

For quoting French, 25 cents.

For saying in "in our midst," or "tending," or "reliable," or "domestic," or "proven," \$1.

For writing one's name as Marie, Pollie, Sallie, Maggie, or Jude, \$1.

For joining the Curb Stone Christian Association, and waiting at the door to "see the ladies come out," \$10.

For "choking spruce gum," 1 cent.

For keeping the register of "who's engaged," \$1 per name.

For noticing with whom any or everybody walks, with whom they go, &c., for each indulgence, \$50.

For recording anything not strictly your own business, \$50.

For responding in church like a blatant wild bull, \$10.

For calling for encore, \$200.

For asking friends to take tickets to anything, \$100.

For reading your own literary compositions to any one, \$1.

For doing same to editor, or offering to do it, \$1,000.

For borrowing anything, \$1.

For staying later than 11 P. M. when calling, \$5 per hour.

For the boorish carelessness of calling at office or other place, and not leaving your name, \$10.

For using any hackneyed quotation, 25 cents.

For always mentioning in connection with a name that he or she is "very rich," or "poor as Job," \$1.

For pointing out a millionaire, 25 cents.

For talking of your appetite, or disease, or describing what you like to eat and drink, or when you change your flannels, \$1.

OUR NAVY.

Commodore Porter on the Mississippi uses mortars seven thousand pounds heavier than any known at the siege of Sebastopol.

The guns constructed for the new Monitors will throw shot weighing four hundred and twenty-five pounds, which is nearly three times the weight of the round shot fired from the largest Armstrong guns yet made for the British navy. This result is attained after a brief series of experiments, while the British Admiralty has expended years in time and fabulous sums in money to secure the most effective ordnance, and had settled down in the firm belief that Sir Wm. Armstrong had attained the *non plus ultra* in this line, the secret of which, to their infinite satisfaction, was with the British nation. Thus we have made an immense advance upon Europe in both offensive armament and defensive armor, and the end of 1862 will see us by all odds the most formidable military power of the world.

A BIRD AS A QUEEN.

The "heavenly Hebe" of Honolulu is the Queen herself (of the Sandwich Islands) who is only twenty-one years of age, and idolized for her goodness and good-lookingness. So says our just-returned consul. The same authority states—"I may here say that I have been favored (in view of the new war) by the King and Queen on state occasions. They are made of the feathers of birds interwoven in fine canvas. The colors are varied, rich and beautiful, only two feathers from each bird. Many thousands of birds must have been caught, and the two feathers only taken from their plumage. It is said that it has required many years to complete them. On some of the money value can be placed on them. When we reflect that all this was the work of people having that day no intercourse with the world, they are indeed remarkable."

A BARBARIAN WITH THE DEVIL.—A curious old-time record was shown us the other day in the Court Records of Hartford county. Before the Court in September, 1708, were brought David Foster, Benj. Adkins, Thomas and Joseph Bourn, all of the town of Middlebury, to answer for that "they on the 14th day of April last, in the field near to Geo. Hubbard's, in Middlebury aforesaid, did mutually, profanely and presumptuously agree among themselves, that one of them should be given up to the devil, upon a condition that he would stab a certain piece of ground for them that they were then at work upon, and did also then determine by lot who of them it should be, and did likewise call upon the devil to place on them. When we reflect that all this was the work of people having that day no intercourse with the world, they are indeed remarkable."

WIT INFORMED TO WISDOM.—Berthier was not witty; for much wit hath commonly much folly, and his hard to jest, and not sometimes jest too; which many times sink deeper than was intended or expected; and what was designed for mirth ends in merriment.—*Chap. Trevellick.*

SENATOR CHANDLER'S SPEECH.

The recent speech in the U. S. Senate of Senator Chandler, of Michigan, has excited such great attention, that we lay a summary of it before our readers. The Senator was a member of the "Committee on the Conduct of the War," and obtained permission from the Committee to make public certain evidence that had been taken before it—

Mr. Chandler (Mich.) referred to the fact that the Committee on the Conduct of the War had been engaged in investigation, and had collected a deal of evidence. Referring to the battle of Bull Run, he said there was a column of 20,000 under Patterson ordered either to attack the enemy, or else keep him engaged, so that he could not reinforce at Manassas. Patterson telegraphed that Johnston had a superior force, and had received large reinforcements, when the fact was that Johnston received no reinforcements, and had less force than Patterson. The reason of the loss of the battle of Bull Run was the delay from Thursday till Sunday by reason of the Quartermaster's supplies not coming, the delay of Sunday morning in consequence of Keyes's brigade not getting in position, the arrival of Johnston's reinforcements, the disaster in placing a battery a thousand yards in advance, and mistaking a rebel regiment for a battery support, and the failure to bring up the reserve at the critical time. But the losses of Bull Run were small, and the people rallied, till on the 10th of December, the roll was 195,495 men, with 13 regiments not reported, mostly intended for Gen. Burnside, all under command of Gen. McClellan. He then referred to the battle of Ball's Bluff, reading the orders to Devens and to Col. Baker, showing that Baker supposed there were 40,000 men within twelve miles of him, and there was no evidence of rashness on the part of Col. Baker, except exposing his own person. He quoted from the evidence of Major John Dix, who said that a very few men in reinforcement would have sufficed to drive off the enemy. Ball's Bluff and this brilliant officer offered to go if they would let him have a company of 100 men. The enemy's batteries were in a wood, and it was difficult to tell what their force was.

Mr. Chandler further read from the testimony of the general officers, concerning the battle of Ball's Bluff, to the effect that reinforcements could easily have been sent by the way of Edwards' Ferry, but McClellan and Smith were ordered to fall back at the very time Baker was sent across the river, and no men were sent from Edwards' Ferry, though the distance was short.

Gen. Stone swears there were never any mounted guns between Edwards' Ferry and Ball's Bluff. The man who issued the order must answer to God for the slaughter of the brave men in that fight. After this wholesale murder, the whole army of the Potomac retired, except from the front of Washington.

He then read further testimony, showing that the Navy Department applied to the War Department for 4,000 men to hold Matthias Point, and keep open the Potomac, commencing such application as early as June, till in October it was agreed to send men, and vessels were gathered there by the Navy Department, but the troops here were not sent by the appointed time, and the Navy Department could not find out the reason.

The evidence further stated that the President assisted the Navy Department as much as he could with this plan, but Gen. McClellan objected, because he feared the arrangements for landing could not be made. Thus, he said, the nation was disgraced for months by the blockade of the Potomac, and the capital besieged by a force at no time half that of the United States.

In December, the nation began to clamor for a more prompt, and the Committee on the Conduct of the War urged the necessity of some movement, and the President and Cabinet were in favor of some forward movement, and they were assured by Gen. McClellan that a move would be made very soon—that he never intended to go into winter quarters, and he did not.

Our brave men spent the winter in canvas tents. At last, in January, the President gave an order to forward, and the glorious march began at Fort Donelson, Fort Henry, Newbern, &c., and no-doubting strategy seemed to give way to works, and the day of spades, pick-axes, and shovels was over.

On the 22d of February, the Army of the Potomac was ordered to move, but it was not ready. At last, on the 10th of March, it did move, under the protest of the commander. On the 10th of March, that army numbered 230,000 men, by the measure of the march on Manassas, and the wooden guns of Centerville, and the enemy, less than 40,000, quietly moved away.

At a council of war eight generals voted not to advance on Manassas, but leave the enemy there and sneak around by Annapolis. Seven out of the eight of these generals were appointed by the advice of General McClellan. But the Secretary of War overruled this, and made the army move on Manassas.

Why the magnificent army of 230,000 did not march on Richmond no one knows, but at last McClellan divided the army and sailed for Fortress Monroe. The Committee on the Conduct of War summoned Gen. Wadsworth, who swore that he had only 19,023 men left to Washington, and not a single gun mounted on wheels, and part of this force was new and undisciplined, and some newly disciplined.

(Chandler) then read from the testimony of John Tucker, Assistant Secretary of War, who testified that prior to the 5th of April 120,000 men were sent down to McClellan, then Franklin's division was sent, 12,000 more; the 1st of June McClellan's division, 10,000 more, and about the time 11,000 from Baltimore and Fortress Monroe, and last June Smith's division, about 5,000 men, sent, making a total of 158,000 men sent to Gen. McClellan prior to the engagement before Richmond.

Mr. Tucker further testified that he did not know of any other force which could have been sent to Gen. McClellan. Taus, Mr. Chandler said, it is shown that 158,000 of the best troops that ever stood on God's footstool have been sent to Gen. McClellan, and yet the treacherous proof of the country was howling against the Secretary of War because he had not sent reinforcements to Gen. McClellan.

He read further, from the testimony of Gen. Meigs, corroborating, Mr. Tucker, and saying that he believed everything that McClellan asked for had been promptly sent to him by the Government.

McClellan continued, saying that he had been to march out the trenches, five to one, than ever fell from the enemy since the army went to Yorktown. At last, when the army whipped the enemy at Williamsburg, McClellan, as a long distance from the field of battle, wrote a dispatch to the Secretary of War, that he should try to hold the enemy in check, but they were too fast for him. He said he was open, and all he had to do was to march out the swamps and into Richmond, but he found the most swamp he could, and set right down in the middle of it, and went to work digging trenches, and thus tens of thousands of brave men were lost there by sickness. Then, at last, after waiting till the enemy chose, for it would not be contrary to attack them till they were ready, we kept on digging trenches, till

at last the battle of Fair Oaks was fought, when the whole rebel force was based on a small portion of our army, who whipped them, and drove them back pell-mell into Richmond, and across James River. But of course we did not follow them—that would not be fair to follow a whipped enemy, and so the battle of Fair Oaks was a lost, that is to say, we won a brilliant victory, but it did us no good. It would have been unfair to take advantage of a routed army, so we magnanimously stopped and commenced digging.

There was no army in our front, and no intrenchments in front, but we did not know what else to do, and so we began to dig a ditch, and we kept digging ditches until they had impressed and drilled an army of soldiers from their entire population, and they sent Jackson on a raid to Winchester, and we waited for him to come back with his 20,000 or 30,000 men, and we heard that Corinth was evacuated. But it would have been unfair to commence an attack until they brought their troops from Corinth, and so we waited for the army from Corinth, and when they got in all the troops they ever hoped to raise, then we did not attack them at all. They attacked us, as we had reason to suppose they would. They attacked our right wing, and they hurled their whole force on our right wing of 30,000 men, and during the whole of that Thursday our little army of 30,000 held their ground and repulsed that vast horde over and over again, and held their ground at night. Well, sir, of course reinforcements were sent to those brave men, to enable them to send that dastardly army back into Richmond the second time. No, sir, they didn't do anything of the kind. At night, instead of reinforcements they were ordered to retreat. Well, sir, that was strategy. The moment we commenced our retreat, then, it is said in the dispatches, the enemy followed us like demons. Of course they would. Who ever heard of an army retreating that was not followed, unless they were rebels? Our left and centre remained intact. A feint was made on our left wing and centre as I have heard from one of the bravest men in that whole army of the Potomac. He said when his regiment was ordered under arms he had no doubt that he was going to march on Richmond with his regiment. He believed the whole force of the enemy had attacked our right wing. He believed there was nothing in front. He believed that our hour of triumph had come. His men sprung into line with avidity, prepared to rush at the point of the bayonet into and over Richmond. And he never discovered his error till he saw a million and a half of dollars' worth of property burnt before his regiment. Then he began to think it did not wear the aspect of an enemy's army. He believed there was nothing in front. He believed that our hour of triumph had come. His men sprung into line with avidity, prepared to rush at the point of the bayonet into and over Richmond. And he never discovered his error till he saw a million and a half of dollars' worth of property burnt before his regiment. Then he began to think it did not wear the aspect of an enemy's army. He believed there was nothing in front. He believed that our hour of triumph had come. His men sprung into line with avidity, prepared to rush at the point of the bayonet into and over Richmond. 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Wit and Humor.

A MATHEMATICAL HOSPITAL PATIENT.—On my upward trip we had on board a tall, gaunt looking volunteer, whose appearance not only indicated that he was lately from a hospital, but that it would perhaps have been better for him to have remained there still, for he certainly did not seem to be in fit condition to travel. He was from Eastern Ohio, and by some strange whim of his comrades (soldiers have odd notions as to names) he had won the cognomen of "Beauregard." He was full of dry humor, and it had a peculiar way of coming from such a dissipated specimen of the human kind. I asked him:

"How long were you in the hospital at any longer?"

"I stayed just five days; I couldn't stand it any longer."

"Why not? Were you not well treated?"

"Well, you see, when I went in, there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

"Nothing—only, the next day, they buried another."

"They must have been severe cases, and made it very unpleasant for you."

"Hanged unpleasant. I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days, one man each day. I couldn't stand that."

"I am glad you got away, and I hope you are well now."

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"Hanged unpleasant. I knew my turn would come in time. I went in on Monday, and if I stayed I would be carried out on Saturday. So I made my calculation, and on Friday I packed my knapsack and went away. If I had not, I'd surely been buried on Saturday. Six days, one man each day. I couldn't stand that."

"I am glad you got away, and I hope you are well now."

"Well, you see, when I went in, there were six patients. The first day they buried one."

"Well, what of that?"

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SLOW AND STEADY.—In one of the old Dutch settlements of the Mohawk Valley, a very honest old farmer of the Little Four Corners was elected justice of the peace. It was not supposed that Squire V—— had amassed much legal learning, but he was quite noted for his unsophisticated honesty and frankness—indeed, a blunt Dutchman, whose heart never erred, but whose head had very little connection with it in the administration of his official functions. It happened that his first case was quite hotly contested by lawyers on both sides. They summed it up elaborately, and after they got through quoting from "Cowan's Treatise," the bar-room of the hotel (his office) being crowded with eager spectators to hear the first decision of the new justice, the old man deliberately folded up his docket, put it under his arm, lit his pipe and said:—"Vell, shentlemen, I shall take four days to decide, but shall essentially find shugment for de plaintiff."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?—"I want to schipp in the Lucilla," said a Dutchman to a clerk in a shipping office.

"Well," said the clerk, pen in hand, "what's your name?"

"It is Hans Vanas Mandanderdunsevaney-mendeymitelischupfeyldendeschuppor tinromp," said the Dutchman, gravely.

"Zounds!" cried the clerk; "do you know what it is in English?"

"Yaw, ich does," said the Dutchman; "it is Ich Von Smidt."

AN EXPLANATION.—"Papa," said my bright-eyed little girl to me one day, "I believe mamma loves you better'n she does me."

I confess to doubts on that subject, but I concluded that it was not best to deny the soft impeachment. She meditated thoughtfully about it for some time, evidently construing my silence as unfavorable to her side.

"Well," said she at last, "I s'pose it's all right; you're the biggest and it takes more to love you."

A KIND ACT AND ITS REWARD.

The Cleveland Plaindealer sketches an incident that lately occurred on one of the railroads running through Ohio. The sketch is interesting, though it is impersonal. The car is full of well-dressed, aristocratic passengers. The conductor enters, and proceeds to collect the accustomed fare. Presently he comes to a lady dressed in deep mourning, travelling with three children, and calls for a ticket.

The lady quickly puts her hand in her pocket for the same, but it was gone, with the wallet containing all her money, within which the ticket had been placed for safe keeping. The lady is of an exceedingly modest, retiring disposition, and in an agitated manner explains why she cannot pay the fare. The conductor is one of those hard-hearted kind—

—one of those men without a particle of feeling—and without taking into consideration any of the palliating circumstances of the case, rung the bell, stopped the train, and the young woman and her little ones were ordered from the car. The engineer had not been an uninterested spectator of the scene. He had left the engine and advanced to where the lady was standing, looking so distressed and friendless. The engineer had a big, warm heart. Putting his hand in his pocket, he produced a fifty dollar gold piece, and handing it to the lady, remarked:—

"Here, madam, take this and get into the car. It is shameful that you should be thus treated."

The lady hesitated about receiving it, but was in a desperate strait; and, after showering numerous thanks on the noble engineer, insisted on receiving his name and address. She then returned to her seat in the car, and went on her way.

About a month from this time the engineer received a note requesting him to call at the express office and take from thence a package addressed to him. He did so. Upon opening the package he found that it contained fifty dollars and an elegant gold watch, seals and chain. Upon the inside of the case was inscribed the golden rule, the substance of which is, "To do unto others as you would wish others to do to you."

TEA BRANDS AND THEIR MEANING.—The following will interest housekeepers:—"Hyson" means "before the rains," or "flourishing spring," that is, early in the spring; hence it is often called "Young Hyson."

"Hyson skin" is composed of the refuse of other kinds, the native term for which is "tea skins." Refuse of still coarser descriptions, containing many stems, is called "tea bones." "Bohea" is the name of the hills in the region where it is collected. "Pecoo" or "Pecoo," means "white hairs," the down of tender leaves. "Pouchong," "folded plant," "Bouchong," "small plant." "Twankay" is the name of a small river in the region where it is bought. "Congo" is from a term signifying "labor," from the care required in its preparation.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas, how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!

A STINGY FELLOW.—An old bachelor who had procured a marriage certificate for a friend, while glancing over it, was heard to soliloquize thus:—"Can't do it—would like to, but won't—want a wife—would like to have a wife—but must do without so expensive a luxury—wives are expensive—money is scarce—provisions are high—won't consent to give any one authority to spend money for me—can't do it."



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

IGNORANT FLUNKY (to Tomkins, who is about to leave his *Carte de Visite*).—"Really, we don't want nothing o' the kind in your way, young man!"

LADIES' CONFIDENCES.

Two men, be they the dearest friends in the world, when they have once lighted their candles and said good-night, think no more of one another, and feel no lack of one another till they meet at breakfast the next morning. But two women, two sisters, or two dear friends, are not satisfied with talking all day down stairs, they must needs talk half the night in their bedrooms. Some prying novelist says somewhere that female nature is such that confidence cannot be perfect till the back hair is let down; but we do not know enough of ladies' toilets to know whether this is the right explanation. If it be, we feel quite sure that many husbands would be quite satisfied to allow the back hair to be let down in the drawing room; at all events, from the withdrawing thither to the announcement of tea. As it is, the poor man has a creeping sensation that he, and his house, and his friends, and all his affairs, are being discussed just when he is anxious to forget them all in sound slumber. We commend the question to the investigators of Social Science: Why do women delight to chatter in bedrooms, while men, if they do chatter, invariably chatter down stairs?

It is stated upon the authority of those who have heard it, a cat when her tail is pinched between a door and a post, uttered the vowels a, e, i, o, u, with great distinctness. If the injury is prolonged, she gives u, and y, also.

How to make a real cowslip in winter—Grease a cow's hoofs and place her on the ice.

Agricultural.

LAMPAS IN HORSES.

This is an imaginary disease, but one commonly believed in by groomers, and we are sorry to add, by a great many well-informed persons. If a young horse refuses to eat, it is usually imputed to the lampas, which is said to be a swelling of the roof of the mouth back of the upper front teeth, to such a degree that the animal cannot chew its food. Then the awful remedy is presented of burning the part with a red-hot iron! and in many instances the cruel suggestion is put in force with inhuman indifference and haste. This terrible torture is often inflicted without the slightest reference to the condition of the horse in other respects—to the manner in which he has been fed—what work he has been doing—or what exposure he has experienced. No effort is made to learn whether he has taken cold, and is feverish, has eaten or drunk heartily immediately after a lively drive, or whether there are symptoms of colic, or some injury has taken place to the mouth or the jaws. No, it is lampas, and the red-hot iron must be applied—nothing else will do.

Truly, the lot of the horse is a hard one, and if we can do anything to alleviate it, to arouse men to a more merciful consideration of the noble animal, we shall certainly feel happier every time we see one.

Last week we noticed a new book upon the horse, by Edward Mayhew, and expressed the opinion that it is the best work, probably ever written upon the subject. Since that expression was made, we have given the book still more careful attention, and find abundant reasons for the belief then expressed. Below we copy a portion of what the writer says in regard to the imaginary disease of lampas in horses:—

That affection is supposed to consist of inflammation, which enlarges the bars of the palate and forces them to the level of or a little below the biting edges of the upper incisor teeth.

Would the groom take the trouble to examine the mouths of other young horses which "eat all before them," the "lampas" would be ascertained to be natural development; but the ignorant always act upon faith, and never proceed on inquiry. Young horses alone are supposed to be subject to "lampas;" young horses have not finished teething till the fifth year. Horses are "broken" during

colthood; they are always placed in stables, and forced to masticate dry, artificial food before all their teeth are cut; shedding the primary molars is especially painful; of course, during such a process, the animal endeavors to feed as little as possible. A refusal to eat is the groom's strongest proof that lampas is present. But, putting the teeth on one side, would it be surprising if a change of food and a total change of habit in a young creature were occasionally attended with temporary loss of appetite? Is "lampas" necessary to account for so very probable a consequence? The writer has often tried to explain this to stable servants; but the very ignorant are generally the very prejudiced. While the author has been talking the groom has been smiling, looking most provokingly knowing, and every now and then shaking his head, as much as to say, "Ah, my lad, you can't gammon me!"

Young horses are taken from the field to the stable, from juicy grass to dry fodder, from natural exercise to constrained stagnation. Is it so very astonishing if, under such a total change of life, the digestion becomes sometimes deranged before the system is altogether adapted to its new situation? Is it matter for alarm should the appetite occasionally fail? But groomers, like most of their class, regard eating as the only proof of health. They have no confidence in abstinance; they cannot comprehend any loss of appetite; they love to see the "beards wagging," and reckon the state of body by the amount of provision consumed.

The author will not describe the mode of firing for lampas. It is sufficient here to inform the reader that the operation consists in burning away the groom's imaginary prominences upon the palate. The living and feeling substance within a sensitive and timid animal's mouth is actually consumed by fire. He, however, who plays with such tools as red-hot irons cannot say, "thus far shall thou go." He loses all command when the fearful instrument touches the living flesh; the palate has been burnt away, and the admirable service performed by the bars, that of retaining the food during mastication, destroyed. The bone beneath the palate has been injured; much time and much money have been wasted to remedy the consequence of a needless barbarity, and, after all, the horse has been left a confirmed "whizzer." The animal's sense being confused, and his brain agitated by the agony, the lower jaw has closed spasmodically upon the red-hot iron; and the teeth have seized with the tenacity of madness upon the heated metal.

When the lampas is reported to you refuse to sanction so terrible a remedy; order the horse a little rest and cooling or soft food. In short, only pursue those measures which the employment of the farrier's cure would have rendered imperative, and, in far less time than the groom's proposition would have occupied, the horse will be quite well, and once more fit for service.

JEWELS IN SHEEP'S EARS.—Mr. H. G. White, of New Hampshire, has published his mode of marking sheep, which is quite a novel plan, but we think a pretty good one. His method is to make a hole in the lower margin of one of the ears and near the head. In this hole he suspends a copper or zinc label, with a number, or anything else stamped upon it he wishes. The label is circular, three-quarters of an inch across, and is suspended in its place by means of the common split steel rings, used for carrying keys on; or galvanized wire may be used for the rings. This mode may not be quite so cheap as cutting or alighting, and there is a possibility of its being lost or taken off, but where you wish to number the sheep with reference to a register, or other purpose, it must be very convenient.

WHAT ARE POPLAR TREES?—Ans. The Balsam and Balm of Gilead poplars; the Silver poplar, or Abies; and the Lombardy poplar. The correct name of the trees, called in the South and West, White and Yellow poplar, is Tulpa, or White Wood. These two varieties are, in fact, the same variety—often grown on gravelly upland, the wood is white; on wet lowland, it is yellow.—Ohio Farmer.

SMALL POTATOES.—Some years ago, a gentleman visiting a farmer at Tolland, Conn., took from his pocket a small potato which somehow had got in there at home. It was thrown out with a smile, and the farmer took it in his hand to look at it. A little boy of twelve at his elbow asked what it was. "O, nothing but a potato, my boy; take and plant it, and you shall have all you can raise from it till you are of age." The lad took it, and the farmer thought no more about it at that time. The boy, however, not desisting small potatoes, carefully divided it into as many pieces as he could find eyes, and put them in the ground. The product was carefully put aside in the fall, and seed for several hills was obtained for the next spring. The product was all kept for seed, until the fourth year, the yield being good, the actual product was four hundred bushels. The farmer, seeing the prospect that by another year the potato field would cover his whole farm, asked to be released from his promise.

"SHOULD HOGS RUN IN THE ORCHARD?"—This is a question frequently asked.

Answer.—The advantages of allowing hogs to run in the orchard are, that they consume the wormy fruit, which falls early, thus preventing the multiplication of insects, and future loss by them. This is certainly a great advantage. Hogs are not the only animals that will eat wormy apples; but peaches, plums and cherries are not consumed by other stock. We have seen good effects from allowing hogs to run in plum orchards. The disadvantages arise from the uncleanness which they occasion; and if persons wish to be very particular in this respect, they may gather the affected fruit by hand, and feed it to such animals as they choose—the only difference being in the greater labor of the latter course.—Ohio Farmer.

WORKING COWS.—Up in Androscoggin county, Maine, they believe in training cows to the yoke, and the County Agricultural Society offers premiums for the best exhibitions of cows and heifers, trained and disciplined to the yoke and farm labor. To put cows to the yoke seems as barbarous as to keep women at work in the fields, but it is said the cows, if well fed, are not injured, but rather improved as milk producers.

Useful Receipts.

TO CURE WHITE SHEEP SKINS WITH THE WOLF OR.—First soak sheep skins in cold water to soften them, then place them on an inclined board, scrape all the fleshy parts from the inside and trim the edges with a knife. After this rinse them in cold water, then wash them in strong soap suds and rinse them again in water. While still wet they are to be steeped for about six hours in a strong solution of alum, then dripped and stretched on frames, and dried in the open air, but not exposed to the sun. Some persons sprinkle alum in powder over the fleshy side of the skins instead of soaking them in the alum liquor.

GREEN CORN PUDDING.—Take one and a half dozen ears of green corn, split the kernels lengthwise of the ear with a sharp knife; then, with a case-knife, scrape the corn from the cob, leaving the hulls on the cob; mix it with three to four quarts of rich, sweet milk; add four eggs, well beaten, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, salt to the taste; bake it three hours; to be eaten hot, with butter.

CURRENT JELLY.—Four quarts ripe currants washed in both hands, till nearly all are broken; squeeze out the stems and remove them. Put the pulp in a strong bag and squeeze very tightly, and there will be nearly three pints juice. Put three pounds white sugar to this, and boil half an hour.

RANSFERRY VINEGAR.—To one pound of fruit pour on one quart of the best white wine vinegar; the next day, strain the liquor on a pound of fresh fruit, and the day after the same; do not squeeze the fruit, but drain liquor from it; the last time pass it through a canvas, wet with vinegar; put it in a stone jar, with one pound of white sugar to every pint of juice, stirred until dissolved; then set the jar in a pot of water on a hot fire; simmer and skim it, then take it off, and when cold, bottle it for use. No glazed or metal vessel must be used. It makes a delightful drink, in the summer season, used as a lemonade.

CEMENT FOR LEAKY HOUSE ROOFS.—Take four pounds of rosin, one pint of linseed oil, two ounces of red lead, and stir in pulverized sand until the proper consistency is secured, and apply it warm. This cement becomes hard and yet possesses considerable elasticity and it is durable and water proof.

TO DESTROY ANTS.—Drop some quicklime on the mouth of their nest, and work it in with boiling water; or dissolve some camphor in spirits of wine, then mix with water, and pour into their haunts, or tobacco water, which has been found effectual. They are averse to strong scents; camphor will prevent their climbing up trees; place a ring of tar about the trunk, or a circle of rag moistened occasionally with creosote.

PREPARED FLOUR FOR DIARRHOEA.—Tie up a pint of flour very tightly in a cloth, and put into boiling water. When united, the gluten of the flour will be found in a mass on the outside of the ball. Remove this and the inside will prove a dry powder, which is very astringent. Grate this, and wet a portion of it in cold milk. Boil a pint of milk, and when it is at the boiling point stir in as much of the wet mixture as will thicken it to the quality of palatable porridge. Stir in a little salt, and let this be the sole article of diet until the disease has disappeared. Relieve it first by toasted bread, or very delicate mutton broth, which latter is also astringent. If the disease has not progressed to the degree of inflammation, this diet will generally preclude the need of medicine.

THE LIONS OF THE FOREST are said to live a century. The lions of fashionable society are generally lions of only a season.

The Riddler.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 28 letters.
My 30, 17, 14, 34, is a river in France.
My 16, 26, 6, is a county in Virginia.
My 18, 7, 31, 34, 3, 20, 7, is the town in which my whole was born.
My 32, 12, 5, 21, 34, is the county in which it is situated.
My 26, 12, 6, 7, 15, 34, 5, is the state in which the county is situated.
My 16, 26, 1, 15, 9, 17, is a town in Cuba.
My 8, 25, 16, 15, is a river in Spain.
My 16, 25, 18, 1, 32, 30, 4, is a city in Austria.
My 28, 29, 17, 14, 37, is a county in Texas.
My 18, 15, 3, 12, 25, is one of the United States.
My 1, 11, 12, is a county in Mississippi.
My 27, 21, 25, 38, 27, is a strait in Europe.
My whole is a great General.
Prompton, Jr. MARTIN WALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
I am composed of 80 letters.
My 67, 23, 47, 78, 53, 82, should command respect.
My 65, 31, 69, 46, 73, 69, 46, is an accomplishment.
My 25, 17, 40, 40, 42, 14, is one of the seasons.
My 27, 67, 46, 29, 3, 9, 82, 69, 78, 32, 46, 50, 70, 82, 25, are worthless.
My 64, 5, 43, 56, is a college of much note.
My 52, 45, 58, 73, 42, 41, is a composer of English songs for the Post.
My 19, 20, 17, 31, 19, 34, is a piece of worship.
My 1, 20, 18, 37, 50, 46, is a dethroned "King."
My 71, 44, 11, 48, 47, are parts of house furniture.
My 36, 5, 77,